

Collier's

TEN CENTS

OCTOBER 14, 1944

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OUR "PAMPERED" WAR PRISONERS

By Robert De Vore

Oct. 14, '44

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Like **Sunny Morning** in your **Glass!**

You will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Reserve. But one thing *all* agree upon: this fine, smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . so *mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glow-

ing part of a magnificent whole. Small wonder, then, that SCHENLEY Reserve is such a favorite.

You'll taste the proof of this in your first high-ball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour . . . made with SCHENLEY Reserve.



SPEED THE [♪]DAWN OF VICTORY-
CONSERVE PAPER [♪]

Yes, Victory comes wrapped in paper! Make each piece s-t-r-e-t-c-h. Share newspapers and magazines. Accept simple wartime packaging. Don't ask stores to "wrap it". Conserve paper—for Victory!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, 86 proof—sixty per cent grain neutral spirits

*What You can do
to help this crew...*



THEY NEED
TANKS
BUY BONDS TO PAY
FOR THEM

THEY NEED
GAS
STICK TO YOUR
RATIONED SHARE

THEY NEED
FOOD
HELP SAVE IT

THEY NEED
MEN
A WAC RELEASED
THIS MAN FOR
FRONT LINE DUTY

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THEY NEED
RUBBER...
STRETCH YOURS

How the Dutch Boy says "Thanks to the Yanks"

Dutch Boy: Ever see what makes a tank tick?

Climb aboard! The fellows said it's okay because I helped build this one.

You: But I thought you were in the paint business?

Dutch Boy: Sure — my company's paint materials helped camouflage this tank — but that's only *one* of National Lead's war jobs. See those rubber treads? Our concentrated sulfuric acid helps make that rubber — just like it goes into the explosives this tank fires.

You: Oh, so you're in the acid business too?

Dutch Boy: You bet. We not only make acid but help other companies make it. Lead in pipe, sheet and other forms is practically standard for handling corrosive acids. But come below...

You: Man, I never saw so many gadgets in my life — and so much wiring!

Dutch Boy: All hooked up with lead-tin solder — we turn it out by the mile.

By the way, we salvage tin, and other important metals like zinc and antimony, as an official recovery agency for Uncle Sam. And speaking of needed metals, we put up a special plant to turn out magnesium — used in this tank's tracer bullets.

You: I didn't realize National Lead was in so many fields.

Dutch Boy: Here's another one — the bearings this big baby rolls into battle on are lined with our babbitt metal. We're even in the petroleum picture... our Baroid compounds help drill oil wells faster and safer so tanks like this will have plenty of gas.

Yes — from the litharge in the periscope lenses which help this tank see, to the lead in the battery that starts her motors — there are dozens of different ways that National Lead says "Thanks to the Yanks".

National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.



Awarded to two of our units: AMERICAN BEARING CORP. (☆☆) and MAGNESIUM REDUCTION CO.

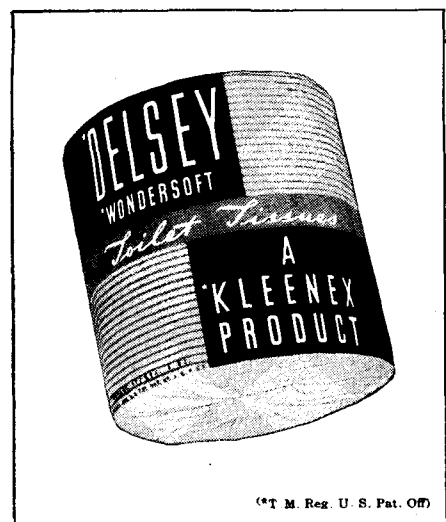
National Lead Company

Miners, smelters and refiners of: Lead, zinc and other ores. Manufacturers of: Lead, titanium, barium and calcium pigments; linseed and castor oils; brass, bronze and babbitt bearings; sheet lead, lead pipe, solder, printers' metals and other lead products; magnesium; non-ferrous alloys; acid manufacturing equipment.



Shucks!
No more
Delsey 'til
after the war

('MEMBER? SOFT
LIKE KLEENEX)



(T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Collier's

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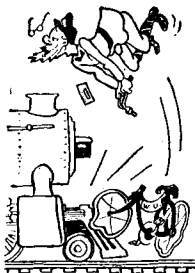
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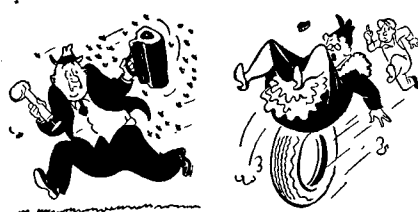
Any Week

FROM Sergeant Ted Shinn, "Big Bust of the Southwest Pacific Disorganization of the International Futileers," the following observation is received by this Fortress of Futility: "All we G.I.s have to do out here is comb Jap snipers out of trees, blast them out of caves, avoid being buried alive in quick swamps or losing our way in the jungle, get used to malaria and elephantiasis, bribe native spies over to our side and a few more minor chores like that. Therefore, we can hardly wait to hear candidates for office and their Home Front Futileer stooges broadcast their promises of the glorious future that awaits us if only we will elect them. Through you, the Complete Ineptitude of our world-wide I.F.—International Futileers—we G.I. members in the Pacific wish to convey our gratitude to whoever it was in Washington has made it possible for us to listen to all five great parties—the Democrats, the Republicans, the Socialists, the Social-Laborites and the Prohibitionists."



IN THE meantime, we have nothing but progress to report to our overseas brethren. From Pasadena, California, for example. From our man out there, Mr. C. G. Hanson, we learn that in one afternoon in his city, the following happened:

A 61-year-old Western Union messenger riding his bike collided with a train. A swarm of yellowjackets attacked a city tree surgeon who is only sixty. A lady who is sixty-two was run down by a truck driven by a lady who is seventy-two. A mature lady (age not given) was bowled over by a runaway truck tire. A cop,



BO BROWN

probably at his wit's end due to all these swift calamities, broke a couple of ribs while alighting from his prowling car. All taken to the hospital and doing as well as might be expected.

UNCLE JIM MARSHALL paused in his trudge up and down the West Coast long enough to check up on Mrs. Aimee Semple MacPherson's investigations into the colleges on his beat. Mrs. MacPherson, the evangelist, is an unflinching fundamentalist and, as everybody knows, Uncle Jim is a neutral, frequently proclaiming that he doesn't care whether we lived in trees or slithered out from beneath rocks. Mrs. MacPherson, he says, has been paying regular visits to the Los Angeles Zoo recently and is stancher than ever. So it was while Uncle Jim was having tea with Mrs. MacPherson that she said: "Mr. Marshall, if men sprang from monkeys, why don't one of these Zoo monkeys have a human baby, hey?"

ABOUT that Dumbarton Oaks pre-peace conference. We've had quite a few letters, mostly from women who seem to be wondering whether real peace can be written by men alone. One of these women adds something new: "I suppose that we shall have a form of compulsory military training. My son who will be seventeen in two years may have to give a year to learning how to die to uphold peace-preserving formulas written by men old enough to be his grandfather. What do the youth of America, Britain and Russia think? Why not let them sit in Dumbarton Oaks in secret session? Let their discussions of how peace is to be preserved be recorded. Then, when finally the decisions of their elders—the decisions these youths will be trained to uphold—are published, let the deliberations of youth be given to the public. After all, it is to be their world long after the Roosevelts, the Churchills and the Stalins have gone." ... W. D.

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 14, 1944

SHORT STORIES

JAMES HOPPER

Birthday. A tiny French girl's prayer is answered personally. Page

OWEN CAMERON

A Girl Like Her Mother. Helga could hold her own with any man, but she was scared to death of cows. Page

MARGARET WIDDEMER

As a Princess Should. Young Lysol Tudor learns a royal lesson in love and loyalty. Page

ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

An Orchid for Mr. Cugat. A moth-in-law finds it expedient to become a flower of the Old South. Page

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RICHARD POWELL

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Our "Pampered" War Prisoners. Our Army clearly is not coddling prisoners. Page

LYNN PRESTON

Small-Fry Charmers. A bit of glamorizing gives underprivileged children a new slant on life. Page

JAN KARSKI

Polish Death Camp. In the Nazi slaughter pens, a patriot witness mass torture and slow death. Page

WALTER DAVENPORT

Congressional Gadfly. Vito Marcantonio, East Harlem's vitriolic state man, makes himself heard. Page

HENRY L. JACKSON

Everybody's Jacket. Eisenhower's battle jacket is the war's gift to civilians. Page

J. D. RATCLIFF

Microbe Killer. New chemical discoveries promise postwar control of bacteria. Page

PAGE PITT

Battle Bells. An enterprising girl with a secret formula is equipping our fighting ships with bells of steel. Page

KYLE CRICHTON

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Don't High-Pressure Fighters.

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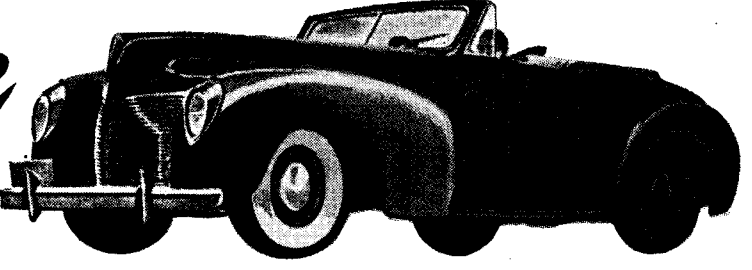
COVER

LAWSON WOOL

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*These must be served
with "PRESTONE" anti-freeze*



...Before this one 

ALL BRANCHES of our fighting forces and our Allies must receive "Prestone" anti-freeze in sufficient quantities before the civilian is served.

It takes millions of gallons of "Prestone" anti-freeze to fill these needs. Civilians, as a result, are drawing their supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze this fall from a curtailed supply.

The War Production Board, assisted by the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, has worked out a state allocation distribution plan for all types of anti-freeze this year. Under this arrangement, there should be an ample supply of anti-freeze to go around. There may be many localities, however, which can't get all the "Prestone" brand anti-freeze they require.

One shot of "Prestone" anti-freeze lasts all winter. It won't evaporate, boil away, or lose effectiveness through "foaming." Protects against rust and corrosion.

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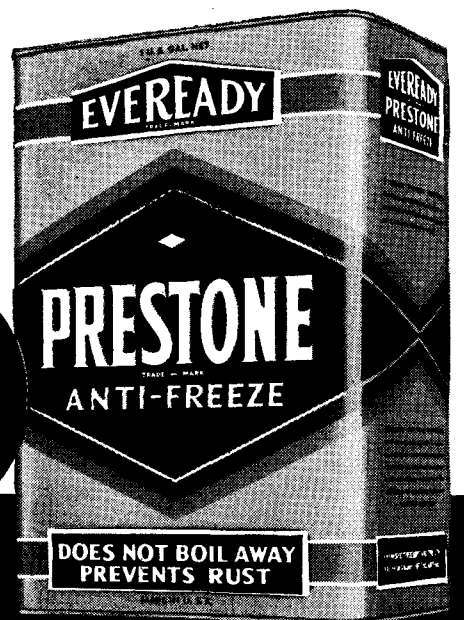
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but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

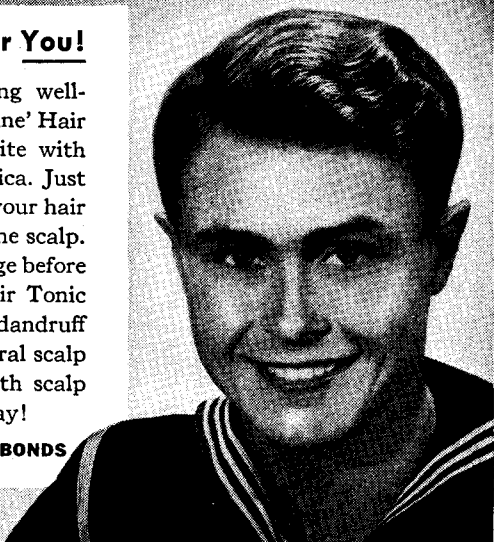
... MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



Good-looking Hair for You!

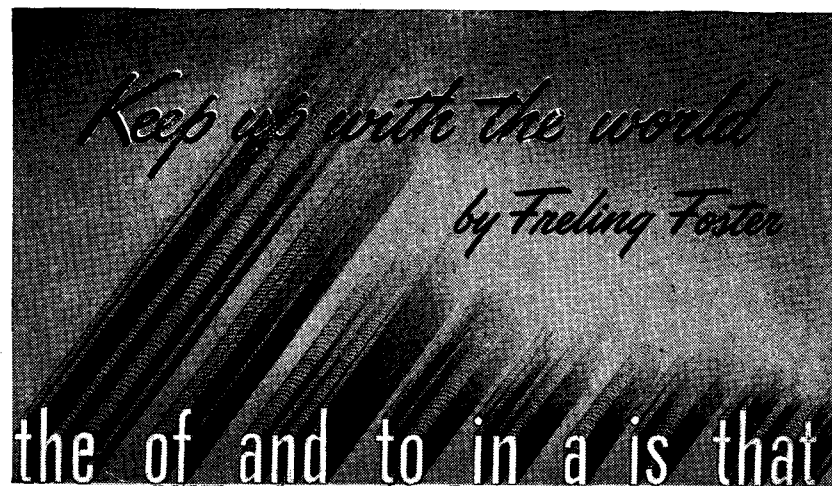
To keep your hair looking well-groomed, get wise to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It's the top favorite with Service Men all over America. Just comb a few drops through your hair daily or apply directly to the scalp. And always use with massage before shampooing. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For better care of both scalp and hair, buy a bottle today!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The word-frequency lists used by cryptographers in breaking down secret ciphers show that, in every 10,000 words of printed or written English, the following words occur most often: *The* occurs 420 times, *of* 222, and *and* 142, *to* 132, *in* 111, *a* 108, *is* 72 and the word *that* 61 times.

While the human heart rarely beats less than 70 or more than 75 times a minute, cases in which this rate of pulsation was as low as 42 and as high as 184 have been recorded in medical literature.

In war movies, sounds of shellfire and other explosions have to be greatly reduced, sometimes to as little as one hundredth of their actual volume, so they will not ruin the theater projector or deafen the audience.

Because many of the land mines buried in France by the retreating Germans are made entirely of wood and cannot be located by the best mine-detecting apparatus, the British army has trained and is now using its war dogs for this work. Twenty of these animals, working at one time, are able to clear a lane 48 feet wide at the rate of 1,200 feet an hour.

The Treasury Department recently discovered, while going through the reports on American property owned abroad, that one organization in this country owns a cathedral in France and another a cathedral in Italy.

Not long ago, an authority on American native languages undertook the study of Chitimacha, the tongue of a virtually extinct tribe of Indians of the Mississippi delta. As the philologist found that the only two persons who could speak it varied in their pronunciation, he was obliged to choose one form as the standard language and to designate the other as a dialect.

Under new laws, Russia now pays mothers of large families a grant at birth and a monthly allowance for each child from its first to its fifth birthday. Both sums apply to all children after the third, and increase successively up to the eleventh. For example, the total amount that will be paid to a mother for her fourth child is \$970, while that for her eleventh and beyond is \$3,715.

The brain of a normal child completes its physical growth at the age of six years. . . . Human adults consume from five to seven pounds of food and liquid and breathe from 30 to 35 pounds of air every 24 hours. . . . Of the 13,000 men who have been graduated from West Point between 1802 and 1934, more than 7,000 are living and in the Army today.

Chronology of the 1918 armistice: Train bearing Marshal Foch and Britain's Admiral Wemyss arrived in the Forest of Compiègne, 52 miles from Paris, at 7 P.M. Thursday, November 7th. Train bearing the four German envoys arrived at 7 A.M. Friday, November 8th; and the first meeting was held in Foch's train from 9 to noon. A courier with the terms then left for the German G.H.Q. in Spa, Belgium. At 8 P.M. Sunday, November 10th, he returned with instructions; and at midnight, the second and final conference began and the armistice was signed at 5 A.M. with the understanding that hostilities would cease at 11 A.M. Paris time, or 5 A.M. New York time, Monday, November 11, 1918.

For at least a century, entomologists have claimed that the queen bee makes only one mating flight in her lifetime and produces only one new generation of bees each year. But today, queens are being fertilized artificially, not once but many times, and they are producing not only better quality bees, but as many as ten successive generations annually.

The last shipload of African natives brought to the United States to be sold as slaves arrived in Mobile Bay on the Clothilde in August, 1859. Freed five years later by the Emancipation, these 116 Dahomans built themselves the village of Afficky Town, Alabama, where most of their descendants still live and where the last survivor of the cargo, Cudjoe Lewis, died only nine years ago.

When Woodrow Wilson died in Washington on February 3, 1924, the German Embassy did not lower its flag to half mast. But on the day of the funeral, it was lowered properly, and the ambassador resigned in a state of hysterics, after a crowd of war veterans had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the front door of the building and paraded up and down in the street before it singing The Star-Spangled Banner.

The owl is the only bird whose wings, owing to their very soft plumage, make no sound during flight. . . . News of the Allied invasion of France was heard on at least 7,000,000 secret short-wave radio sets in Germany and the occupied countries. . . . In Britain today, an unborn baby is entitled to clothing ration coupons as soon as the mother obtains a certificate of pregnancy from a physician.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

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Collier's for October 14, 1944

CEILING ZERO... VISIBILITY UNNECESSARY

ELECTRONICS

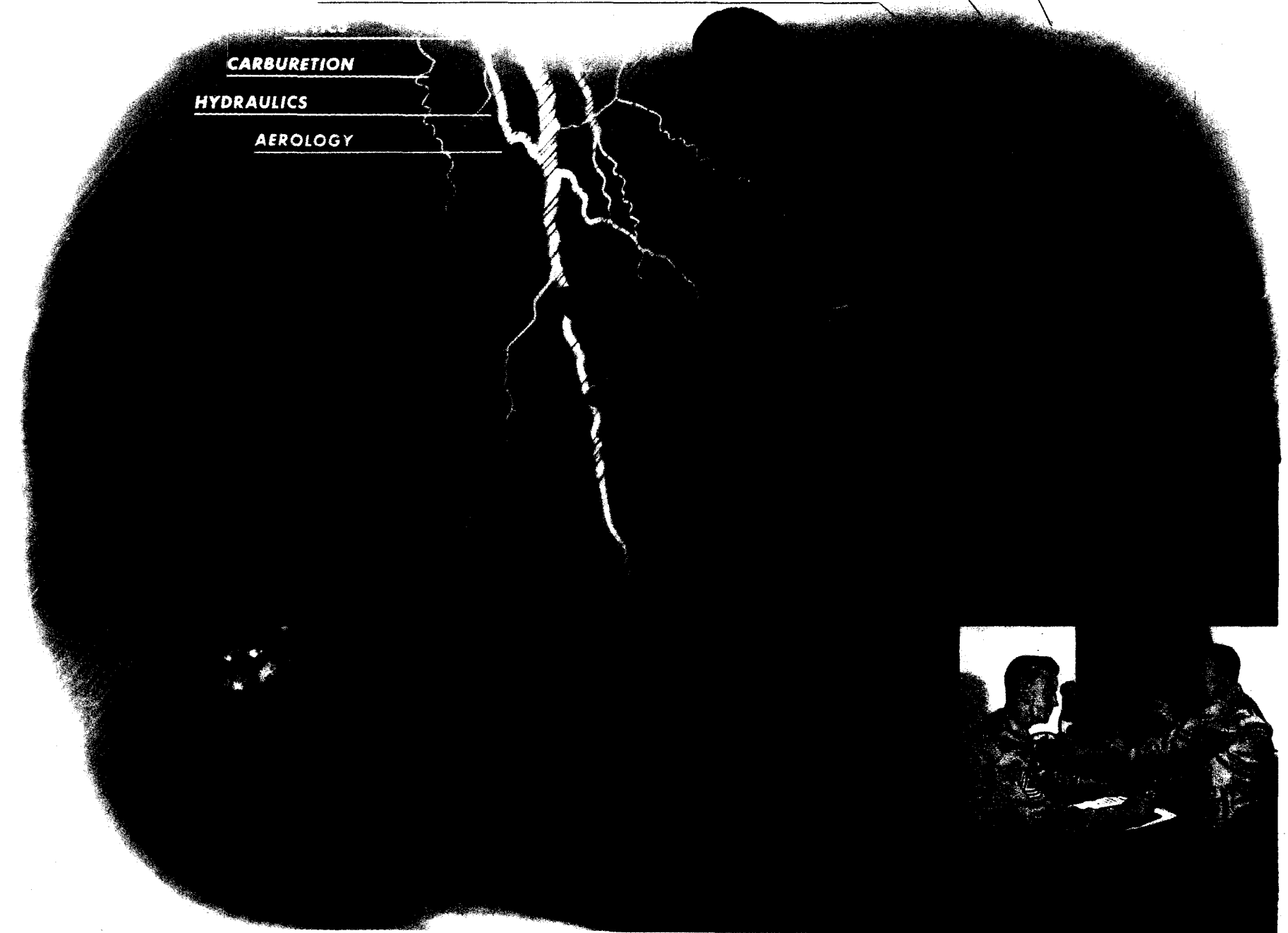
MAGNETICS

ELECTRO-MECHANICS

CARBURETION

HYDRAULICS

AEROLOGY



THIS, TOO, IS BENDIX . . . leading producer of radio direction finders, two-way radio communication systems, and other electronic equipment vital to aviation.

Away from the glare of the blasted port, night closes in on the bombers. They're alone in a black, fog-filled world—for all that sight can tell, as remote from the earth as though they cruised between the stars.

But there's no sign of worry on the navigator's face. The pilot, too, seems as sure of his course as though he followed a railroad track.

As a matter of fact, he is that sure, for his radio direction-finding compass leads him to his base as straight as a homing pigeon—while, despite the storm, messages come and go over his two-way radio as clearly as over a telephone. *There's no interfering static* because he sends and receives over the ultra-high fre-

quency radio channels that will make possible so much better reception from your postwar home radios.

This is the equipment—*plus other advanced electronic devices*—which our Air Forces rely on to *take them to their targets and bring them safely back*. There's nothing finer—for most of these advancements stem from the very heart and center of radio and electronic research and manufacturing, Bendix Radio Division.

The products of this Division—like the scores of other scientific controls and devices developed by Bendix Creative Engineering—are today adding immeasurably to the offensive power of our armed forces. But some day the ideas of these advanced thinkers

in radio will be universally available—to the vast enrichment of your everyday life. Speed that day . . . help preserve the fine, free American way of life that makes such enrichment possible—*buy more War Bonds than before*.

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Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW



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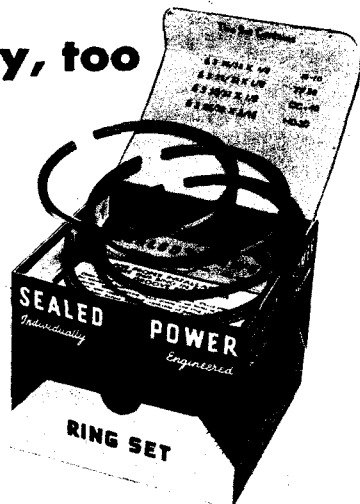
Worn piston rings

let mileage blow away, too

You can get one to five miles more per gallon of gas by replacing worn out piston rings and having your engine overhauled. You can't replace your car or your engine, but you can have new Sealed Power Piston Rings installed—saving gas, saving oil, lengthening engine life.

Sealed Power Piston Rings (selected from 26 basic designs) are packaged in Individually Engineered Ring Sets for each popular make of car, truck, tractor or bus. Millions are being made for the Army and Navy, but your repairman can get a set for your car also.

★ BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS ★



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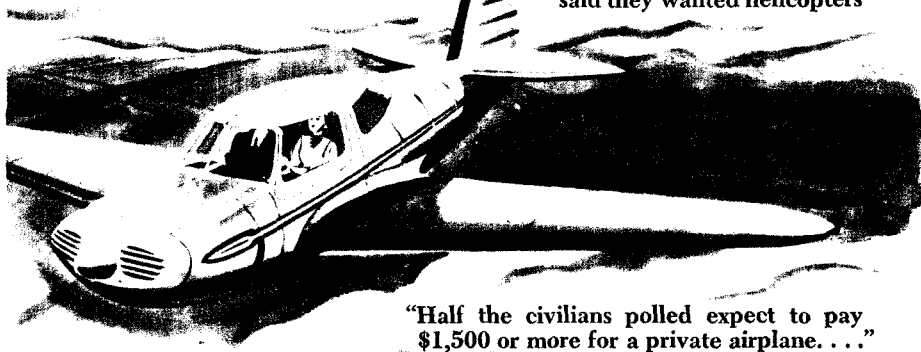
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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

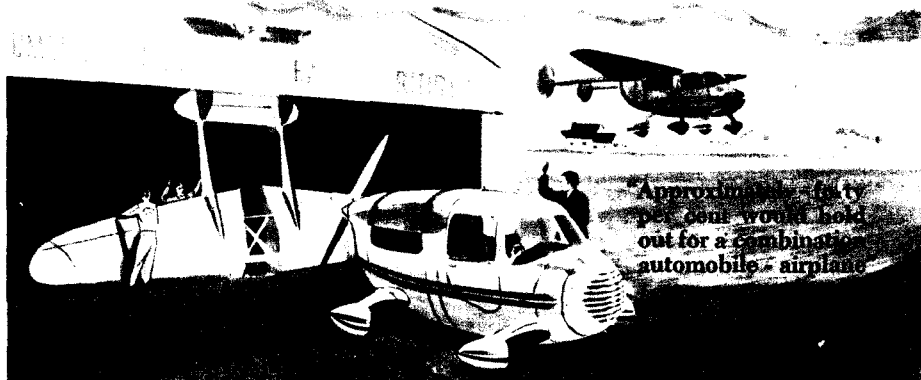
Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

"A fourth of the civilians
said they wanted helicopters"



"Half the civilians polled expect to pay
\$1,500 or more for a private airplane. . . ."



"Approximately 40 per cent
would hold out for a combination
automobile-airplane"

JO KOTULA

CLOSE to 6,000,000 American men and women today are "in aviation." They are members of the military and naval air services, the aircraft manufacturing industry, the airlines, and government and civic agencies concerned in some way with flying. These millions, in turn, have infected more millions with their knowledge of this fascinating subject. Probably there are 10,000,000 Americans now following intensely a science and industry which was a novelty to most of them before the war.

But when flying goes off its war basis, how much productive interest will remain? Industries which loaned their workers to build aircraft will recall them for consumer goods. The armed air services will demobilize to some extent. Will aviation shrink to its pre-war level? It's been a hotly debated question in factory, office, home and hangar. No one knows the answer. No one could know the answer until someone asked you, the people, what you intend to do about flying after the shooting stops.

That is what the Research Department of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company did. It went into your homes in 47 cities in 31 states in every area in the nation and it asked you questions that had been carefully prepared. You responded carefully and honestly. Summed up, your answers show:

- (1) Your aeronautical I. Q. has reached an all-time high.
- (2) You want to buy 100,000 airplanes immediately after the war for your private use; 200,000 when you've purchased something else you think you need first; and, in the future, you will buy 4,800,000 aircraft.
- (3) Two thirds of you will want to do much of your travel on the airlines, both domestically and over-ocean.

Economic Guinea Pigs

What kind of people are you to think this way? Well, you're the upper-middle and top-income urban people, who buy 70 per cent of all city automobiles. You are from families with at least \$2,000 annual income or at least \$1,000 in savings or both. You've been used as a guinea pig before by the government and other agencies seeking economic guidance, and you've never let them down. You are 2,000 families who constitute a sample group which Crowell-Collier Research Director Ray Robinson says represents roughly 10,000,000 families or 27,000,000 individuals 18 years of age or older.

Conservative Mr. Robinson wants you to keep in mind that his findings are a gauge of public attitudes and intentions at the mo-

ment; not a prediction of future sales, for such, he says, depends on economic conditions, technical developments, educational influences and other unpredictable factors.

"At the turn of the century, past experience couldn't have predicted thirty million motor vehicles," he declares. "Similarly, current figures on aircraft registrations and buying intentions must be considered highly conservative guideposts. When the air age arrives, it will probably mushroom forth in the expansive pattern of other industries such as automobiles, radio sets and mechanical refrigerators. Most products undergo an initial period of slow development, a booming period of market expansion and finally a period of saturation. The signs point to the possibility that the airplane may be at the threshold of the second or expanding phase after the war."

Now, about your high aeronautical I. Q., which, if it were not so good, would have a deflating effect on your subsequent answers as to future airline patronage and private plane ownership: You were not asked, or expected to know, the wing-loading of the B-29, but the quizzers did find that nearly all of you have visited airports to watch the planes come in. About the same number of you know just how long it takes to get to that airport and how far it is from your home.

Having found your interest aroused by the airport and what goes on there, the researchers dug deeper and learned that more than half of you read aviation articles; a little less than half have attended air shows and air races; and around 5,000,000 of you have built model airplanes. Only four per cent admitted to none of these adventures. Twelve million of you have been in the air, 800,000 have piloted a plane (including licensed pilots, students and service fliers), and half of one per cent have at some time owned an airplane.

Foreign air-travel possibilities have intrigued about the same number who contemplate domestic airline patronage. This is directly attributed, first, to the phenomenal over-ocean flights during the war and to proposed postwar "excursion" trips from New York to Europe for \$200 per round trip. More than 19,000,000 of you want to visit South America when peace comes, and more than half say you would use air travel for part or all of your trip.

Broadly and generally, you know how you feel about using the airlines, about the expansion of which there never has been a question.

But the unknown and potentially great
(Continued on page 65)

TELL US MORE ABOUT HOME...

It's a long trip we're on...

A long time... a long way...

And home is long ago.

Tell us more about home...

Tell us how bright the dresses swirl when girls go into Putnam's in the afternoon for cokes. Tell us they still laugh and joke and make a game with drops of water and wrinkled jackets off their soda straws.

Tell us they're still beautiful, still true as they were two years... one hundred and four weeks... seven hundred and thirty days... seventeen thousand five hundred and twenty hours ago.

Tell us more about home...

Tell us the church still stands and the rusted gate. Tell us the trees are gold as they ever were and bells sound clear on the autumn air and the reverend's voice still leads a prayer...

Tell us more about home...

Because out here, the roar of motors in the dawn and the take-off of hundreds of planes and jets of flame from a thousand guns set a wild pulse beating and wild blood leaping... and the will to kill fires our brains.

Tell us more about home...

Tell us the power that built squadrons and hundreds of squadrons of planes and fleets and scores of fleets of ships and submarines will be the power not only to destroy but to create, and build, a dream...

Our dream of us...

Our dream of home...

Our dream of you we're longing for...

Our dream of America we're hoping for...

Our dream of the world we're fighting for!

.

Here at Nash, when our war job is done, it will be our obligation to convert all the new strength, all the new power to produce, all the new ability and skill and knowledge

that have come to us so quickly under the driving necessity of war to production for peace.

That means Nash will build more automobiles than we have ever built before... even finer automobiles than the great Nash cars that are today proving their outstanding quality and economy. It means automobiles low in price... economical to own as well as to drive. It means style and comfort and ease of handling. It means all those things that will make an automobile a more important, a more useful, a more intimate part of what you want to do—when peace comes.

This is our program. This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it a strong, a vital, a growing America where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.



NASH

of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION



Paul Lester



A WELCOME HAND TO BELL SYSTEM WAR VETERANS

Some day we shall have the pleasure of welcoming back to the Bell System the men and women who are now in the armed forces. They number more than 55,000. Some 3500 released from service are already back with us.

We shall have a warm welcome for the rest as they join us again. Not only shall we be glad to see them personally but we shall be glad of their skill and energy for the big tasks which face the Bell System in the future.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



FRANCE, TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM FRANCE

The apathetic France of 1939 is dead. Collier's correspondent, journeying across southern France, found high hope of unity and determination to punish all collaborationists. France, he feels, is reborn

LONG before her liberation, France planned for unity and for revenge on her Jacques Doriots and her Pierre Laval and her Marshal Pétains. You recall the feeble efforts made to arouse France to decisive military action in the fall of 1939 with the cry "We must be done with it"—meaning be done with Germany. The French used the same phrase after the Allied invasion, but it was aimed at all who betrayed France and it meant that they expected the tumbrels to rumble through the streets of Paris and Vichy, Marseille, Toulon and Bordeaux and every village and town and hamlet in all France. The French hatred for the Boches is no greater or less than their detestation for all collaborationists.

France has entered the revenge phase. What is happening and what will happen here will undoubtedly shock the sensibilities of foreigners. Executions are unlovely things and they are understandable only to those mentally and emotionally able to exchange places with the executioners.

One afternoon recently in Grenoble in a cold rain I saw six young men tied to rusty steel stakes and shot by a platoon of Maquis. All had borne arms against France. They were tried in the morning by a civilian judge and two military assistant judges in a shabby palace of justice in the town. They were defended by the town's two best lawyers and they were duly found guilty of treason under the laws of the French Republic.

At the appointed hour they were walked out to the spot where, a few weeks before, twenty-three Maquis were shot by the servile French Militia at Nazi orders. Three died well, which is to say they died at once. Three did not. They sagged there on their stakes, and one even stood erect shaking his head from side to side as if uncomprehending. He and two others received final pistol bullets in their heads.

There was a crowd of 5,000 that had come for the spectacle, and there was laughter and shouting and pushing and noise. There were men, women, children, and women with infants in their arms. It might have been a crowd going to a bullfight in Madrid or a prize fight or a lynching. They booed when the condemned walked rather bravely to their places. They cheered when at last the volley came from the Maquis' rifles with one dull ugly sound.

The leaders of the Forces Françaises de L'Interieur (FFI) assured me they want justice to be fairly administered and that they will avoid grudge killing. They know the names of the guilty. They are trying hard to avoid grudge killings in that portion of France between the Rhone and the Swiss and Italian frontiers.

Some collaborationists sincerely believed in the Nazi idea. Others became the servants of the Nazis. They made money out of

the contracts for the construction of barracks, airfields and defenses for the Germans and by selling food and raw materials and manufactured goods to the enemy. The best anthracite and bauxite produced in France went to the Huns. The most convinced of the pro-Nazis was the infamous Jacques Doriot, former Communist mayor of Saint-Denis. He turned Fascist and organized the Parti Populaire Français.

The gunmen of the PPF were particularly strong in Marseille. They helped the Germans in defense of the port and gave France its first touch of civil war. They fired on their fellow Frenchmen from the trees, windows and rooftops of La Cannebière in the bitter six days of fighting in Marseille.

It is impossible to gauge the exact extent of French collaboration with the Nazis, but many resistance leaders say that it was largely confined to bourgeoisie doctors, lawyers, engineers, businessmen and merchants who thought more of their social and economic positions than they did of the fate of France. This animosity against a section of the upper middle class was surprising in a country, which, until June, 1940, was a great stronghold of that category of people.

If proof were needed after the examples of Italy and Yugoslavia that the Nazi-Fascist ideals find no wide response in the hearts of men, the utter failure of the Germans to sell the great body of Frenchmen their totalitarian bill of goods provides eloquent proof. And if there is any doubt left in anyone's mind about the esteem in which Charles de Gaulle is held by Frenchmen, the doubters should come to France, at least to southern France, where Ivan Kolleff, a Frenchman by



"One afternoon recently in Grenoble I saw six young men shot by Maquis. All had borne arms against France. Each was tied to steel stakes. Three died well"

"The leaders of the FFI assured me they want justice to be fairly administered. They will avoid grudge killing." Here, Maquis patrol a town in South France





SHERMAN MONROSE-ACME

"The young women leaped onto the jeeps and trucks and kissed our troops, who soon learned that you don't kiss a Frenchwoman on the mouth—not unless serious developments are contemplated—but on the cheek"

"If there is any doubt left in anyone's mind about the esteem in which De Gaulle is held by Frenchmen, he should come to France. Some of his supporters have spoken of him as a Joan of Arc in pants"

BERT BRANDT-ACME



naturalization and FFI Maquis leader in the town of La Roquebrussanne, told me, "We need De Gaulle as we need the air we breathe."

Some of De Gaulle's more enthusiastic supporters have spoken of him as a Joan of Arc in pants. Well, he is—at least to many people of Provence and Dauphiné and Savoie, who are, for the most part, people hard to convince.

From their resistance movement, the French have attained new unity. The FFI leaders believe it forecasts new political solidarity after the war and after the cleaning out of collaborationists. The manner in which the FFI itself came into existence required the submersion of all political parties and ambitions in favor of two immediate objectives: the liberation of France and the purging of the nation's political and economic system.

By the beginning of 1944, all political barriers between the various elements of resistance were well broken down, and the National Committee of Liberation, with De Gaulle at its head, was the recognized political power in the land, and American and British weapons, medicines and ammunition were being supplied on regular schedules to the FFI and their fighting Maquis. The Germans knew about it, of course. They couldn't stop it and they couldn't stop the night terror attacks on their convoys, so they tried to cow southern France with atrocities.

The Truth of Atrocity Stories

I have seen no actual atrocities, although I have talked with numerous persons who claimed they saw Maquis and men, women and children mutilated by the Germans. One of the leaders of the underground in a Villard mountain village in the Vercors region told me she saw many mutilations, and in one case the cheeks of a man were slit by his captors so that they could wrench the gold bridgework out of his mouth more easily. Much of what I and other correspondents in this theater have heard at third and fourth hand about atrocities may be fantasy, hysteria or delusion born of hatred against the Huns. Some may be true.

I saw photographs of a score of bodies taken from a common grave near Grenoble where they had allegedly been buried alive in an old bomb crater. This incident wasn't fictitious, and the pattern of bestiality it illustrates fits too closely with what I have seen of German handiwork in Italy, to ignore the possibility that the Boches are all that I was told they were, as a boy.

Abbé Pitavy, a village padre, told the story of what happened the day that Vassieux and La Chapelle, two Maquis strong points in the mountains, were bombed by the Nazis from 1 P.M. until 6:35 P.M., when the village clock stopped—especially between the time the clock stopped and the time four American correspondents arrived at La Chapelle. The padre is a man of medium height, sturdy at sixty, with a round head and gray hair cut short *en brosse*.

"The planes returned that night," the padre said. "And from eight-thirty until nine-fifteen they dropped incendiary bombs. I stayed just outside the village on a hill above and behind the town, and watched. There were no Maquis here then—I give you my word—and no civilians, for they had fled with the first attack. From the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of July there was intermittent bombing, and we had a few casualties, and then on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth the Germans came.

"I waited for them on the road and met them and told them there was no one in the village. In spite of the bombs and the incendiaries, the village was quite whole, for, as you see, it is built well of stone, and the walls resisted the flames. The German commander ordered his troops to sack the village. They tore open the doors and took the wine and linen and the silver plate and the furniture.

"I knew how they had come into the plateau. They had been dropped by glider and parachute, and some had come with their light fieldpieces up the roads in their vehicles. It was obvious they were here for a major operation and they were in no mood to argue or to be deterred in any way."

The padre didn't know at the moment that Vassieux had been attacked and razed in a battle between the Maquis and German airborne troops and that one of the two columns which converged on La Chapelle was the one coming from Vassieux. The commander of the column which first entered La Chapelle ordered its citizens to be summoned. They came down out of the hills. The padre went on:

"They divided us into three groups, one of men from forty to sixty, another of men from seventeen to forty, and a third of women and children. It was growing late now. It might have been nearly eight. They allowed the older men and women and children to pick up what belongings were left in what houses remained whole or were not completely burned out. They guarded the younger men closely. Four of these were permitted to join the group of older men and women and children. Their children happened to run to them and embrace them, and I suppose the officer was moved to pity. He knew what fate was in store for them. We did not. We thought they were to be sent to Germany to work. . . .

"The young men—sixteen Frenchmen, two Italians and one Pole—were taken to a wall that forms one side of the boxlike house of Madame Lucia Albert, the side where she keeps her geraniums in pots arranged in a row along the foot of the wall, for it is moist there and at the same time quite sunny in the afternoon. And (Continued on page 42)

BIRTHDAY

BY JAMES HOPPER
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEAD PRINCE

This is a story about a small girl who had a small favor to ask of Monsieur le bon Dieu—if He wasn't too busy to arrange it

FAUVETTE, who, a month ago, had started a daily prayer to *le bon Dieu*, was praying harder and harder as her birthday swiftly approached. It was a secret prayer; her mother knew nothing about it. Neither did her grandfather, who, ever since her father had died at Sedan, had taken his place. Nobody knew.

Every late afternoon, as the Angelus rang in the village church, she hurried down the long, sad main street. When she reached the church, she did not go in right away; she waited till the few people who had gone in to pray had come out again. When she slipped in through the little side door she found herself in the church all alone, except perhaps for some poor old woman in a dark corner, crumpled over her sorrows. She walked up the aisle to the altar. She paused a moment before the Virgin Mary, marveling over the beauty of her blue cloak, and still more over the beauty of the smile which flowed down from her to the little Jesus in her arms.

She was now ready for the real business of the day, and she slipped down on both knees beneath the big picture of *le bon Dieu*. He floated above her in white clouds, His long hair was white and His majestic beard was white, and His eyes were blue and very kindly. Sometimes she even imagined that she saw a twinkle in them.

"Well, Monsieur le bon Dieu," she said, her face tilted upward, "here I am again! Fauvette—do you remember? You have seen me here every day for a long time now."

"Oh, I hope I am not bothering you too much. But, Monsieur le bon Dieu, the matter is becoming more and more pressing; my birthday is coming nearer and nearer. You see, I realize how many great matters there must be to fill your head these days, what with the war, what with the Germans in France. It would be very natural for you to forget me. That is why I come here every day to remind you."

"Besides, Monsieur le bon Dieu—please do not get angry—you must admit that you are a little forgetful at times. There are your good people of France, for instance. You do not know the Germans very well, do you? The worst about the Germans, Monsieur le bon Dieu, is that they confiscate everything—grain, cows, chickens, vegetables—but they never have as much as they want. Oh, Monsieur le bon Dieu, what terrible appetites those Germans have!"

"That is what makes me think sometimes—oh, very respectfully, *mon bon Dieu*—could you not take a little time off from your worries, which must be immense, to make all those German stomachs just a bit smaller, so that they would take away from us only, say, half of what there is to eat, instead of, as now, almost all there is to eat?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le bon Dieu; I am prattling. The reason I am talking so much, it is because I am a little ashamed of what I really want to ask of you. But now I am going to name it:

"In a little while, as you must know, it will be my birthday. And on that day, please, Monsieur le bon Dieu, could you arrange it that I get a bit of . . . Oh, how can I say it so that you will understand?"

"You see, this is how one feels when there is not much to eat. At first, for many days, there is very great hunger."

"Then comes a day when things are better. It is like being in a dream all the time, and one is never hungry!"

"But, Monsieur le bon Dieu, alas, this does not last. After a time, there comes a desire."

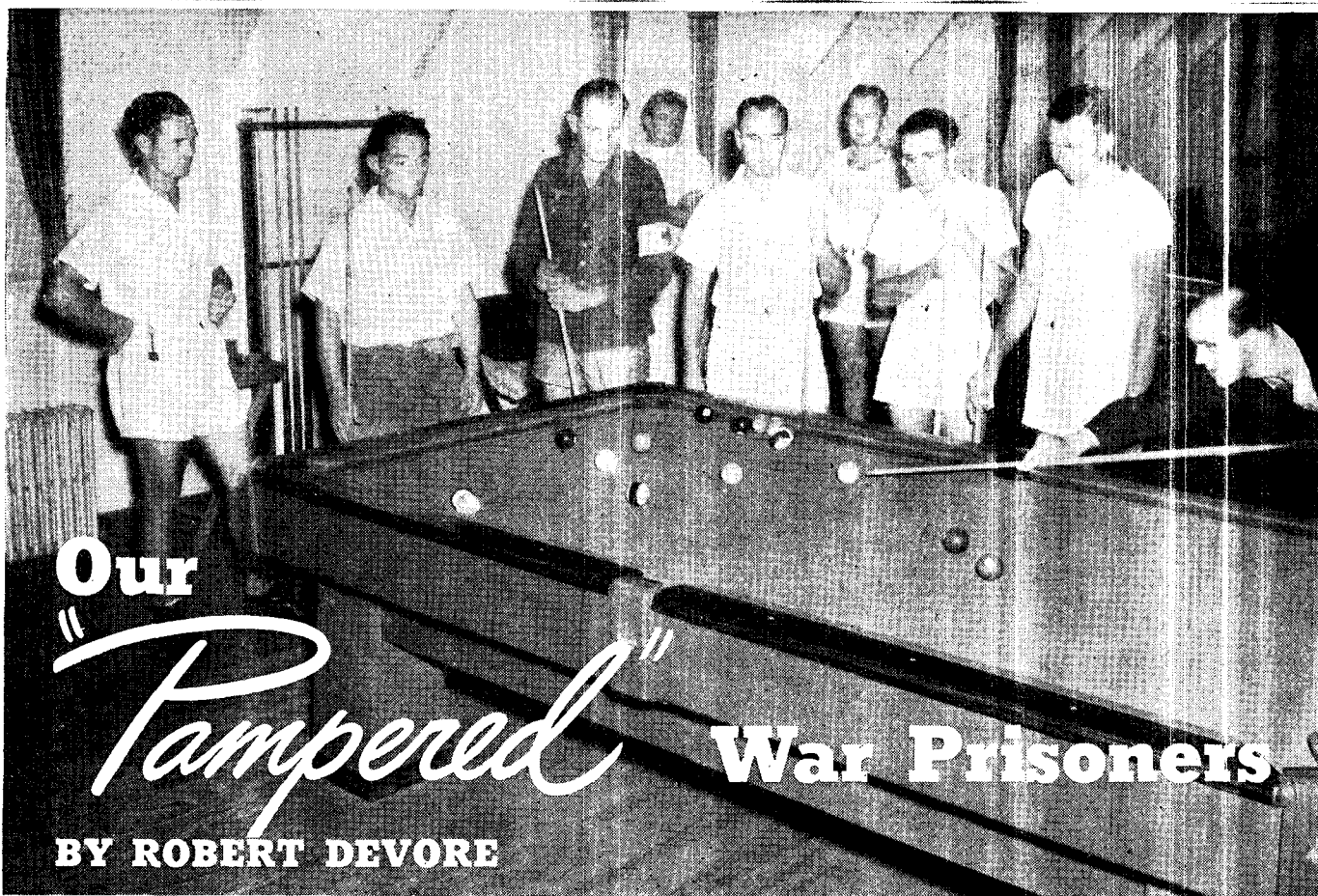
"Maybe it is a desire which is of the sort Monsieur le Curé preaches against on Sundays. Perhaps it is sinful. But it is with one every minute of the night and day. . . ."

"Maybe you now understand. Maybe now I can ask you."

"Could you, Monsieur le bon Dieu, could you arrange it that on my birthday—and it is (Continued on page 39)

Fauvette almost bumped into the strange-looking creature near the wall. "Pardon," she said, and then fright took hold of her because he was so queer





Our "Pampered" War Prisoners

BY ROBERT DEVORE

INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS

Captured Axis soldiers are given complete equipment for entertaining themselves while they are guests of Uncle Sam. But they are also under the strict, impersonal discipline of the Army, are kept in line with a "no work, no eat" policy



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

U.S. soldiers give full military honor at the funeral of a Nazi prisoner. Several captives have died, some killed themselves, a few were "purged" by Nazis

INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS



You can't blame an American who has lost a son in battle for being easily disturbed about the enemy's captured soldiers in our midst. The Japanese complain too much, some Germans are too pleased, while the Italians are too affectionate. But, by and large, the Army is handling its captives sternly, quietly, fairly

ONE day at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, where both German and Japanese prisoners of war are held, a Japanese spokesman presented a long list of complaints to an American officer. The officer listened for a long time, then finally lost patience.

"The trouble with you people," he said, "is that you want the world, with a fence around it."

The Jap thought that one over for a moment and then with perfect seriousness replied, "No fence."

They tell that story with straight faces at McCoy, and it may even be true. In any event, it brings up a question that Americans have been asking over and over again during the past few months: Are we pampering or coddling our prisoners of war?

The War Department answer is an emphatic "No!" To a great many Americans the answer is an equally emphatic "Yes!" The latter have their reasons. For instance, I saw a letter written by a German prisoner which ended with these words: "Best regards from this healthy resort." Many people hear of and wonder about the constant stream of complaints from the Japs. By all odds, they hold the "We want this" championship of the prison-camp circuit. They gripe about everything, and Americans who remember the story of the Manila death march and the execution of the first Tokyo raiders are resentful.

But the thing that causes most resent-

War prisoners, in accordance with the Geneva convention, helped get out needed pulpwood last winter and are currently doing land reclamation and conservation jobs for which other labor is not now available

ment is the treatment of Italians, especially in the volunteer Service Units. Americans—particularly those whose sons were killed or wounded in North African battles against the Italians—are terribly irked to see ex-prisoners of war occasionally paying court to American girls at parties, sometimes enjoying an outing at a seaside resort or taking sightseeing tours at the expense of the United States Government. But there are logical and—the Army thinks—adequate explanations of all these objections.

To reports that prisoners have been entertained at dances, Colonel Francis E. Howard, director of the Prisoner of War Division, has an answer that is typical:

"Every report of this sort has been investigated. With one exception, no prisoner of war, as such, has been permitted to dance with an American girl, to the best of my knowledge. That one exception was a German who escaped from a side camp near Hoopston, Illinois, last June. He was apprehended by two American guards who at the time were on leave. They took him to a tavern where, our records show, he was permitted to dance with a girl. Court martial proceedings have been taken against the guards. Permit me to assure you that any officer or enlisted man who allows prisoners privileges of this nature will be promptly and effectively disciplined."

Every time the War Department hears stories of dancing prisoners, Col. Howard added, investigation has shown that the dancers were members of the Italian Service Units. A distinction has to be made between regular prisoners and ISU members.

Controversies stirred by the sudden and inadequately explained emergence of these Italian prisoners in American civil life are bound up in complex international questions which have not yet been settled. To attempt to settle them here would be a fruitless task, but these Italians—35,000 in all—are war prisoners only technically, and they are not soldiers.

After the Italian surrender, they volunteered to fight the Nazis in the only way our Army, under the circumstances, felt it could allow. That was to recruit them as volunteer members of Italian Service Units to accept assignment generally at hard labor loading cargo for the battle fronts and repairing military equipment. Had they chosen to retain full prisoner-of-war status, they could not have been legally employed for such work. Our soldiers would still be doing it.

Because they once served in an enemy army and because Italy is not a member of the United Nations, they were denied the freedoms of G.I. Joe and were paid at the rate of 80 cents a day, one third in cash and the balance in credit. But the Army discovered that 80 cents a day was not an adequate incentive for hard labor. So it was decided that they should be given a day of recreation a week under Army officers.

Brigadier General John Eager, commander of the units, declared recently that the plan resulted in a "noticeable" improvement in their production.

A Prisoner Likes the Climate

As for the German prisoner's letter from "this healthy resort," it came from a camp at Cut Foot Sioux in the heart of the resort country in northern Minnesota, where a hundred or so German prisoners were cutting pulpwood. Obviously, the prisoner liked the climate. Who wouldn't in July? Our Army and civilians need pulpwood to make paper. There is plenty of it at Cut Foot Sioux, but the government could find no civilian labor to cut it. So they used prisoners.

A further point could be made of the fact that the prisoners were not even behind barbed wire. When they first were sent into the Minnesota woods last December, American authorities decided that wire fences could wait until we got pulpwood. Thus only the resourcefulness of American guards kept prisoners from escaping. What they did was to substitute tall tales of wild Indians and animals for barbed wire. How successful they were is demonstrated by the following from another prisoner's letter:

"Deserting is quite impossible anyhow, as
(Continued on page 57)



Ab exploded. "No woman will ever work with me, no time or no place!" he said. Pete was unable to meet his eye

A GIRL LIKE *Her Mother*

BY OWEN CAMERON
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

Helga was a man's man. She swung an ax like a man and she had a man's edge to her tongue. But Ab knew how to handle her, or so he thought

FILING a saw is close, delicate work, and Ab was concentrating so completely that when the boss spoke to him he jumped, cutting his thumb on a raker-tooth.

"I think I got you a partner," the boss said. "Come down and talk to him. If he suits you, we'll put him on. And remember, these days it don't pay to be particular."

Sucking his thumb, Ab followed the boss past the shacks between his cabin and the mill office. A man leaned languidly against the car parked there. A young woman sat behind the wheel. Ab took his thumb out of his mouth and spat pinkly.

"He's married? Then he can't bunk with me. I don't want no woman around all the time."

"She's his daughter," the bull-buck said. "We'll give him Mac's cabin. It looks like the Army won't turn Mac loose."

The man leaning against the car appeared to be about fifty. Ab later learned that he was sixty-one. He had long legs and a short back, like Ab, and the lean, fine-drawn look of a good lumberjack.

"Pete Johnson—Ab Douglas," the boss said. "Pete's down from the fir timber."

"I've cut my share of pine," the old man said. "And I've cut redwood, over on the Coast."

Ab examined his thumb. "Swede, huh?"

The girl at the wheel of the car asked sharply, "And what's wrong with a Swede?"

Ab looked at her. No mistake about her being a Swede.

Eyes so clear and blue you could hardly look into them, and the hair yellow as ripe corn. Braided hair wrapped around and around her head like a crown. She met his eyes coldly and repeated: "What's wrong with a Swede?"

Ab turned his shoulder to her and said to Pete Johnson, "Nothing wrong with a Swede, so far as work goes. But any Swedes I ever knew were crazy."

"Now, Ab," the bull-buck said.

The wrinkles deepened around Pete Johnson's eyes. "I do like a man what speaks his mind. Only don't make Helga mad. Helga is got a temper, just like her mother."

"It don't matter to me how crazy you are," Ab said, "so long as you're a timber-faller and can hold up your end of the work. Want to try it?"

The girl sniffed loudly. "He'll make you hunt the shade, mister."

Her father said amiably, "Now, Helga. We got to work with Ab. You should not talk so."

The bull-buck said, "Well, fix him up with tools, Ab. You can cut that upper strip."

When Pete straightened and stood away from the car, he could look eye to eye with Ab, which made him part of an inch taller than six feet. He grinned, showing big, strong, yellow teeth and said, "Better eat supper with us, Ab; Helga is a good cook, like her mother was."

"Thanks," Ab replied, "but I like my own cooking. Meet you here in the morning. Seven o'clock, all right?"

"We'll be here," Pete promised. (Continued on page 28)

Collier's for October 14, 1944

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Small-Fry Charmers

BY LYNN PRESTON

One of the best ways of teaching table manners, Mrs. Hult found, was to run make-believe parties. Here four of the younger group are enjoying huge "plates of ice cream." "Mine's so delicious," lisps Peggy, 5, second from left. "It's got peaches all over it." On her left Sonya, wearing glasses, announces joyously: "Mine has a big batch of chocolate shot sprinkled on top." Few of the youngsters know each others' last names, are content to use first or nicknames

Maybe you think a woman of five and a half has no desire to be a glamor girl. But you are wrong. Marguerite Hult, who'd been running a charm school for matrons, decided it might be more fun to do the same for pre-subdebs. It was

After the ice cream, the sprouts learn to shake hands with the hostess of the day, say primly, "I've had such a nice time at your party, thank you very much." Here "hostess" seems overwhelmed by all the hands to be shaken

Bobby-soxers bone up during a "date rehearsal." At left Daisy is reading a current magazine to be ready for that awkward conversational pause; the girls in center are trying out costumes; Alice, sitting down, is immersed in the latest fashion magazine



NINE-YEAR-OLD Catherine tugged at a hank of long bob, pulled in her tummy and thought about what makes personality. "It's not being ashamed," she said at last. "It's not being scared to get up and do something. It's having nerve."

A juicy, full-bodied whistle came from the side lines, where half a dozen jeering boys clung, chimpanzee fashion, to an iron-grilled window.

"It's legs," one hooted.

"You bet," came the chorus. "Gams like Betty Grable's."

As 5½-year-old Peggy nodded agreement, a corkscrew curl, dead center, bobbed up and down. "It's being able to sing and tap-dance," she piped. For emphasis her tongue darted out through the hole where her front teeth should have been.

"Then I guess I haven't got it," announced Marguerite Browning Hult, the question asker. "I can't sing or dance."

That stopped the bobby-soxers, hepcats, tomboys and pigtailers dead in their saddle shoes. This was a charm school for small fry, and auburn-haired Mrs. Hult, who walked gracefully in front of them in a smart green sports dress, sure had *something*. It was up to them, as budding experts on glamor, to find out what. The discussion moved from legs to a broader interpretation of charm. Taking inventory of Mrs. Hult's assets, they decided that maybe a melodious voice, good manners, a smooth skin and a figure like a cover girl had something to do with this elusive thing called personality.

That's one approach Mrs. Hult uses in the glamor-for-gamins sessions which have been functioning uproariously in the Floyd Horton Police Athletic League Center in Manhattan. Here, in an atmosphere that makes Grand Central at rush hour look like a convalescent home, 100 would-be pin-ups,

aged 4½ to 16, are absorbing the protocols of beauty, and learning antidotes to swaybacks, pigeon-toes, knock-knees and other adolescent maladies.

The salon that houses this bizarre venture is a converted swimming pool. Classes meet five times weekly. The admission fee is a willingness to call a curve a curve. In this hell-bent-for-self-improvement spirit, Negro and white children assail their posture defects, and tackle the ABCs of make-up, skin care, diet and health rules, hair styling and clothing selection. What's more, the experiment is geared entirely to the youngsters' level of thinking: A fashion clinic with squares of bright material gives bobby-soxers a bit of chi-chi; a make-believe party teaches little shavers poise; and a date rehearsal helps ill-at-ease teen-agers bone up on the dos and don'ts of social propriety.

Corralling the students into the classroom is about as easy as getting a soldier on furlough to rise at dawn. The future glamor gals long ago made it clear that while the idea of charm is appealing, they prefer it in small doses. Consequently, Mrs. Hult—the volunteer major domo with shockproof nerves—lets the girls seethe in and out of the room in a bedlam of self-expression that makes progressive schools look like a Victorian young ladies' seminary.

At posture classes a stomach is yanked in, a pair of hips tucked under. Then the whole operation is halted by a frenzied 50-yard dash to the nearest curbstone for a peach. On one occasion this prompted a plump, window-leaning mamma to desert her pillowed perch, grab her offspring by the arm, and say, "You g'wan in there and be charming, d'ya hear? Or I'll give you a good lickin'."

But charm, Mrs. Hult knows, has at least a nodding acquaintance with psychology.

(Continued on page 64)



Margaret Sullivan, 13, had a way of poking her head forward, looking up at you under furrowed brows. "Inferiority," decided Mrs. Hult. So she prescribed a fancy, upswept hair-do that uncovered some dimples, routed the inferiority feeling, helped the posture

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

Young Peggy Condon will have to wait a few years for all the curves Mrs. Hult has, but meanwhile she's earnestly learning to tuck under her spine and pull in her tummy so that when the curves come, her posture will be ready for them

At first the boys greeted the charm school with catcalls. Before long the date rehearsal idea caught on. Here "Shadow," left, removes a spot, "Red" slicks down his hair. Tommy fixes his collar, and Willie painstakingly gives himself a manicure



POLISH DEATH CAMP

BY JAN KARSKI

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

A patriot disguised as a guard bribed his way into the Nazi execution grounds at Belzec. Here, for the first time, is his eyewitness story of the Nazis' systematic slaughter of Jews, based on his official report to London and Washington

As a member of the underground, I was ordered to leave Warsaw and report to the Polish government and the Allied authorities about conditions in Poland. My orders came from the delegate of the Polish government acting somewhere in Poland and from the commander in chief of the underground army. Jewish leaders confided to me their written report but they insisted that in order to be able to tell the truth I should see with my own eyes what actually happened to the Jews in Poland. They arranged for me to visit one of the Jewish death camps.

The camp was near the town of Belzec, about 100 miles east of Warsaw, and was well known all over Poland because of the tales of horror that were circulated about it. The common report was that every Jew who reached it, without exception, was doomed to death.

I was to go on a day when executions were scheduled. Information was easy to obtain because many of the Estonian, Latvian and Ukrainian attendants who worked there under Gestapo supervision were in the service of the Jewish organizations—not from any humane or political consideration, but for money.

I was to wear the uniform of one of the Estonians, who would stay home while I went with his papers. I was assured that chaos, corruption and panic prevailed in the camp to such an extent that there was no chance of my disguise being penetrated. Moreover, the whole expedition was perfectly organized in advance. I would go through a door habitually guarded only by Germans and Ukrainians, for an Estonian might sense a stranger in me.

The Estonian uniform itself constituted a pass, so that my papers would probably not be inspected. To make the camouflage more foolproof, still another bribed Estonian militiaman would accompany me. Since I knew German, I could talk with the German guards if it became necessary; and they, too, could be bribed.

The plan seemed simple and flawless. I agreed without any hesitation and without the slightest fear of being caught.

Early in the morning I left Warsaw in the company of a Jew who worked outside the ghetto in the Jewish underground movement. We arrived in Belzec shortly after midday and went directly to the place where the Estonian was supposed to be waiting. It was a little grocery store that had once belonged to a Jew. The Jew had been killed and since then it was being run, with the permission of the German authorities, by a local farmer who was, of course, a member of the underground.

My Estonian uniform was there waiting for me, but the man to whom it belonged had evidently decided it was more prudent to remain away. However, he had left me a complete outfit: trousers, long boots, a belt, a tie and a cap. The idea of letting his personal papers be used had apparently given him qualms, too. Instead he had left me the papers of one of his colleagues who had probably returned to his native Estonia and had taken the opportunity to sell his papers. I was not surprised. Selling papers was an established business in Poland, not at all

frowned upon. The uniform and the shoes fitted me but the cap came down to my ears. I stuffed it with paper. Then I asked my companion how I looked. He said I looked like a model Estonian militiaman.

An hour or two later the Estonian who was to accompany me arrived. He confirmed that the camp was so disorganized, chaotic and indifferently managed that I could stroll about in perfect freedom. I was to stick to the place assigned me throughout the executions and in that way I would miss nothing. After the executions all the guards would be leaving the camp. I was to join them, mingling with the mob of mixed attendants but avoiding the Estonians. He reiterated the latter precaution solemnly, warning me that if I had any close contact with them it would be easy for them to recognize me as not "their man."

The camp was about a mile and a half from the store. We started walking rapidly, taking a side lane to avoid meeting people. It took about twenty minutes to get to the camp, but we became aware of its presence in less than half that time. About a mile away from the camp we began to hear shouts, shots and screams.

"What's happening?" I asked. "What's the meaning of all that noise?"

"The Jews are hot," he said, grinning as though he had said something witty.

I must have glared at him, for he changed his tone abruptly.

"What could it be?" He shrugged. "They are bringing in a 'batch' today."

I knew what he meant and did not inquire further. We walked on while the noise increased alarmingly. From time to time a series of long screams or a particularly inhuman groan would set the hair on my scalp bristling.

"What are the chances of anyone's escaping?" I asked my companion, hoping to hear an optimistic answer.

"None at all," he answered, dashing my hopes to the ground. "Once they get this far, their goose is cooked."

"You mean there isn't a single chance of anybody's escaping from the camp, even with the way things are there?"

"Well, from the camp itself, maybe. But not alone. With a guard like me helping, it can be done. But it's a terrible risk," he said, wagging his head solemnly. "The Jew and I could both get killed."

We trudged on, the Estonian watching me out of the corner of his eye.

Dealer in Human Flesh

"Of course," he said craftily, "if a Jew pays well—very well—it can be done. But it is very risky, it has to be handled right . . ."

"How can they pay? They don't have any money on them, do they?"

"Say, we don't try to get money out of them. We ain't so dumb. We get paid in advance. It's strictly a cash proposition. We don't even deal with those in the camp"—he gestured contemptuously in the direction of the noise—"we do business with people on the outside, like you. If somebody comes to me and tells me that such and such a Jew is going to arrive and that he wants him 'cheated out'—well, if he is willing to fork out plenty of hard cash in advance, then I do what I can."

"Have you saved many Jews so far?" I asked.

"Not as many as I'd like, but a few, anyhow."

"Are there many more good men like you there who are so willing to save the Jews?"

"Save them? Say, who wants to save them?" He looked at me in bewilderment as though I were talking unheard-of nonsense. "But if they pay, that's a different story. We can all use some money."

I did not venture to disagree. It would

have been hopeless to try to persuade him of anything different. I looked at his heavy, rather good-natured face and wondered how the war had come to develop such cruel habits in him. From what I had seen he seemed to be a simple, average man, not particularly good or bad. His hands were the calloused but supple hands of a good farmer. In normal times that was what he probably was—and a good father, a family man and a churchgoer besides. Now, under the pressure of the Gestapo and the cajoleries of the Nazis, with everyone about him engaged in a greedy competition that knew no limits, he had been changed into a professional butcher of human beings. He had caught onto his trade well and discussed its niceties, used its professional jargon as coolly as a carpenter discussing his craft.

"And what are you here for?" The question was both shrewd and innocent.

"I'd like to 'save' some Jews too," I said with an air of conspiracy. "With your help, of course. That's why I've come to the camp, to see how everything works."

"Well, don't you go trying to do anything without us."

"Don't be silly. Why should I work without you? We both want to make money and we can help each other. We would be foolish to work against each other."

This satisfied him and I now had the status of a younger colleague.

The Approach to Horror

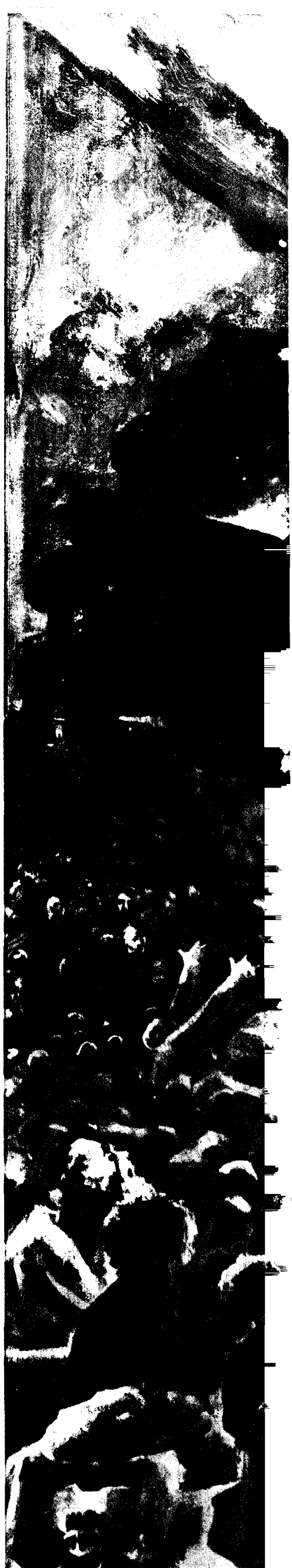
As we approached to within a few hundred yards of the camp, the shouts, cries and shots cut off further conversation. I noticed an unpleasant stench that seemed to have come from decomposing bodies mixed with horse manure. This may have been an illusion. The Estonian was, in any case, completely impervious to it. He even began to hum some sort of folk tune to himself. We passed through a small grove of decrepit-looking trees and emerged directly in front of the loud, sobbing, reeking camp of death.

It was on a large, flat plain and occupied about a square mile. It was surrounded on all sides by a formidable barbed-wire fence, nearly two yards in height and in good repair. Inside the fence, at intervals of about fifteen yards, guards were standing, holding rifles with bayonets ready for use. Around the outside of the fence, militiamen circulated on constant patrol. The camp itself contained a few small sheds or barracks. The rest of the area was completely covered by a dense, pulsating, throbbing, noisy human mass—starved, stinking, gesticulating, insane human beings in constant agitated motion. Through them, forcing paths if necessary with their rifle butts, walked the German police and the militiamen. They walked in silence, their faces bored and indifferent. They looked like shepherds bringing in a flock to the market. They had the tired, vaguely disgusted appearance of men doing a routine, tedious job.

Into the fence a few passages had been cut, and gates made of poles tied together with barbed wire swung back to make an entrance. Each gate was guarded by two men who slouched about carelessly. We stopped for a moment to collect ourselves. I noticed off to my left the railroad tracks which passed about a hundred yards from the camp. From the camp to the track a sort of raised passage had been built from old boards. On the track a dusty freight train waited, motionless.

The Estonian followed my gaze with the

"The cars were now crammed to bursting with human flesh, and the entire camp reverberated with a tremendous volume of groans, screams and shots"





interest of a person seeing what kind of an impression his home made on a visitor. He proceeded eagerly to enlighten me:

"That's the train they'll load them on. You'll see it all."

We came to a gate. Two German noncoms were standing there talking. I could hear snatches of their conversation. They seemed to be talking about a night they had spent in a near-by town. I hung back a bit. The Estonian seemed to think I was losing my nerve.

"Go ahead," he whispered impatiently into my ear. "Don't be afraid. They won't even inspect your papers. They don't care about the likes of you."

We walked up to the gate and saluted the noncoms vigorously. They returned the salute indifferently and we passed through.

"Follow me," he said, quite loudly. "I'll take you to a good spot."

We passed an old Jew, a man of about sixty, sitting on the ground without a stitch of clothing on him. I was not sure whether his clothes had been torn off or whether he, himself, had thrown them away in a fit of madness. Silent, motionless, he sat on the ground, no one paying him the slightest attention. Not a muscle or fiber in his whole body moved except for his preternaturally animated eyes, which blinked rapidly and incessantly. Not far from him a small child, clad in a few rags, was lying on the ground. He was all alone and crouched quivering on the ground, staring up with the large, frightened eyes of a rabbit. No one paid any attention to him, either.

The Jewish mass vibrated, trembled and moved to and fro as if united in a single, insane rhythmic trance. They waved their hands, shouted, quarreled, cursed and spat at one another. Hunger, thirst, fear and exhaustion had driven them all insane. I had been told that they were usually left in the camp for three or four days without food or a drop of water. They were all former inhabitants of the Warsaw ghetto.

The Ultimate in Misery

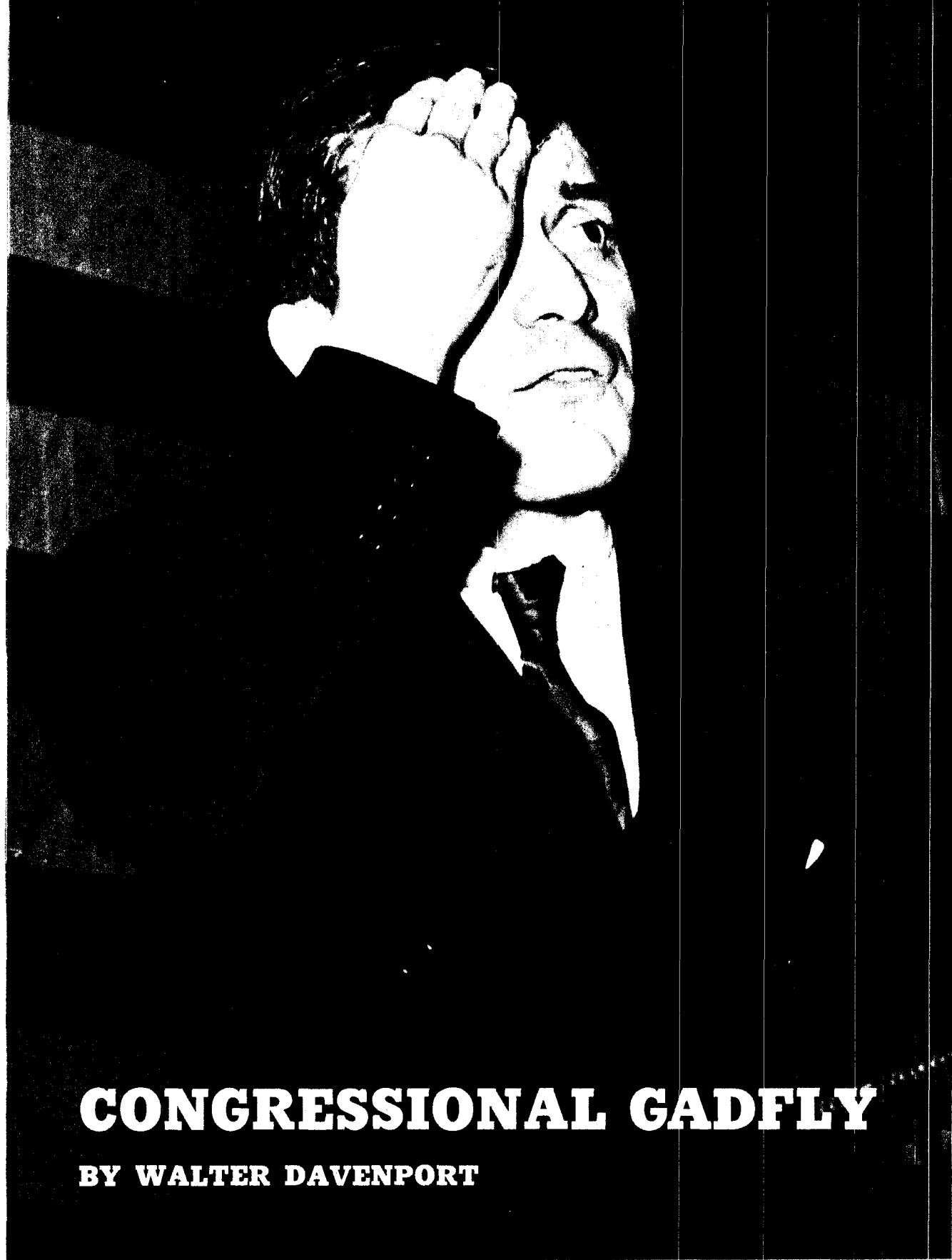
There was no organization or order of any kind. None of them could possibly help or share with one another and they soon lost any self-control or any sense whatsoever except the bare instinct of self-preservation. They had become, at this stage, completely dehumanized. It was, moreover, typical autumn weather, cold, raw and rainy. The sheds could not accommodate more than two to three thousand people and every "batch" included more than five thousand. This meant that there were always two to three thousand men, women and children scattered about in the open, suffering exposure as well as everything else.

The chaos, the squalor, the hideousness of it all were simply indescribable. There was a suffocating stench of sweat, filth, decay, damp straw and excrement. To get to my post we had to squeeze our way through this mob. It was a ghastly ordeal. I had to push foot by foot through the crowd and step over the limbs of those who were lying prone. It was like forcing my way through a mass of death and decomposition made even more horrible by its agonized pulsations. My companion had the skill of long practice, evading the bodies on the ground and winding his way through the mass with the ease of a contortionist. Distracted and clumsy, I would brush against people or step on a figure that reacted like an animal; quickly, often with a moan or a yelp. Each time this occurred I would be seized by a fit of nausea and come to a stop. But my guide kept urging and hustling me along.

In this way we crossed the entire camp and finally stopped about twenty yards from the gate which opened on the passage leading to the train. It was a comparatively uncrowded spot. I felt immeasurably relieved

(Continued on page 60)

Jan Karski was a liaison officer between the political and military authorities in the Polish underground and this article is from his book *Courier from Poland, the Story of a Secret State*, to be published in late October, 1944, by Houghton Mifflin



CONGRESSIONAL GADFLY

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

In Congress they call him a stooge for Joe Stalin. At home, in East Harlem, they call him blessed and tell him their woes. He is the nominee of the Democratic, the Republican and the American Labor parties. He's the Honorable Vito Marcantonio, Member of Congress from New York. What he is going to be—who knows?

FOR an hour before the Honorable Vito Marcantonio trots into the F. H. La Guardia Political Club in East Harlem, New York City, the hall reeks with woe. But not hopeless woe. Marc will listen. Marc will know the answers.

Marc will get that pension, that rent reduced, that club charter, that son out of the Army. Marc will write that letter—hah, soooch a letter! Marc will fetch the body of that dead husband back from France, get that taxicab out of alimony court, restore that lost license, reclaim that erring daughter. Marc will call on the phone and get that cop broke for beating my brother until he is sick in bed with the teeth knocked out. Marc will see to it that that Frankie marries our Angelina. Sure, Marc he fix. Marc, he fix it good.

In at least six languages the crowd compares troubles. They swap them, declaim them, defy comparison, beseech you to listen. They roar them in one another's faces. They

scoff, when they listen at all, at the tribulations of a neighbor. So you call that a trouble, hah? So listen to me. They shout, they weep, they call upon heaven to witness, they beat their breasts, they jab one another in the chest.

They fill the air with such clamor that Mr. Marcantonio's aides, preparing the way for his arrival, bawl for order. And all in Italian, Spanish, Polish, Yiddish, Hungarian and English—the latter in a wide assortment of dialects: Irish, native Negro, West Indian Negro, New York. But before Mr. Marcantonio, the tense, scowling zealot who represents East Harlem in Congress arrives, suppose we find what it's all about.

When we say he represents East Harlem, we're not messing around with figures of speech. This year, as in 1942, he has won nomination by the Democratic and Republican parties as well as by his own American Labor Party. Politically he's a radical left winger but denies vehemently that he's a Communist. Ever since he has been able to raise his voice to a mob-mobilizing pitch (and that was when he was still in his teens), he has been haranguing East Harlem, wherein he was born on December 10, 1902.

At home, what is left of the Tammany tiger fawns against his leg like a friendly alley cat. The Republicans, who failed spectacularly to gerrymander him out of Congress have stopped trying to do anything about him. The American Labor Party (state organization) once tried to excommunicate him, vowing to purge itself of Communists. This, as it turned out, was like cutting your throat to get out of shaving. The New York County branch of the ALP told the state organization to go fly a kite, retained

Mr. Marcantonio as its chairman and, lo and behold, Mr. Marcantonio soon became the pride of the whole ALP, his friend Mr. Sidney Hillman capturing the state chairmanship.

To find a place for Mr. Marcantonio in the national scene requires sharp eyes. At present he is one of the most pestiferous gadflies that Congress has ever slapped at. If you're an earnest pessimist, bound to conjure up dark-brown pictures of postwar depression, you may behold Mr. Marcantonio exhorting mobs, ballyhooing for Communism, lashing capitalism and even leading marches on Washington. But it takes imagination. At the moment his thin arms are flung across the shoulders of both philosophies—Right and Left.

He's the political dictator of East Harlem, and if you don't believe it, go up and ask. As the boss of the American Labor Party, he has four or five New York City congressmen ringing his doorbell. He won't deny that, in the back of his long, narrow head, he has an ambition to be mayor of New York. However, he is none too sanguine. New York City, as a whole, will have to be a great deal more like East Harlem, he thinks, before he will fill the job occupied now by his political discoverer and mentor, Fiorello H. La Guardia. He admits that he'd relish being United States senator but says that the State of New York would have to change quite a lot before going that far.

He's a smallish, intense, all but frail man who is constantly on fire about something. He protests that he is anxious to escape the statesman category, an anxiety which many of his enemies in Congress characterize as unwarranted. He says that a statesman is merely a tired politician. Nor does he want any truck with diplomats who, he says, are guys who are paid big wages by the people for ignoring them. He's as unpredictable as a Bulgarian election, and his constituents, who are apt to be quite disappointed when any sort of gathering disperses without at least a little bloodshed, never fail to rally around in large numbers when Mr. Marcantonio and his political godfather Mayor La Guardia meet.

Actually, these two terrificos are extremely fond of each other, although they frequently disagree at the top of their voices. Their meetings are quite likely to wind up with the mayor fat-legging it off to his car in a torrential rage, or appealing, limp-handed and shrugging, to the highly inflammable crowd and murmuring, "Vito, Vito, my erring son." And Mr. Marcantonio will have turned his back upon Mr. La Guardia, contorting his face into a ferocious scowl, and filling the heavens with avowals that the people of his congressional district never, never shall be slaves.

A Strike Organizer at Eighteen

In 1920 when Mr. Marcantonio was eighteen, a law student in New York University, he helped to organize the Harlem Tenants' League. The depression which was to follow the first World War was playing a tryout in the tenements. The residents of the district, most of whom are never more than a butterfly's jump from financial catastrophe, decided that they were paying too much rent and that they wouldn't pay it, anyway.

Mr. Marcantonio who, they say, was studying law that he might have an additional reason for talking, could no more have kept out of this than Mr. La Guardia can ignore a three-alarm fire. He managed the strike of the tenants against their landlords with such intelligence that Mr. La Guardia, then offering himself for Congress with no takers, lost no time in enlisting the lad into the F. H. La Guardia Political Club, which was then laughed off by still healthy Tammany and its stooge, the local Republican racket, as the Gibonis, or the Wops.

Lashed into scalding frenzy by the taunt, to say nothing of the unsettling oratory of Mr. La Guardia, Mr. Marcantonio and other tornadoes, the despised Gibonis lost little time in becoming the political machine which was presently to send Mr. La Guardia to Congress (deafeningly managed by Mr. Marcantonio), reduce Tammany's influence in the district to a cold cinder, and eventually to become all Mr. Marcantonio's, Mr. La Guardia going to City Hall. Mr. Marcantonio has added several cylinders and jet propulsion to the machine. Today anyone seeking public office in East Harlem without his blessing is in very great danger of being arrested as a person too foolish to be at large.

In 1934, Mr. La Guardia having become mayor, Mr. Marcantonio was elected to Congress as a Republican by the unconvincing margin of 247 votes. He lost no time in becoming such a vociferous New Dealer that even such ardent Rooseveltians as Harry Hopkins, Harold Ickes, Louis Howe and Henry Wallace were a little embarrassed. Back in New York, the Republicans apologized to the world at large and promised to retire Mr. Marcantonio in 1936. The Gibonis, having discovered that they were being represented by a fellow who could irritate the conventional even more than Mr. La Guardia could, supported him, but he was defeated in 1936.

Why he wasn't elected is still a wrangle in East Harlem. But Tammany slipped its man through while the district was shredded by Fascists, anti-Fascists, Reds, Pinks and local dissensions. Mr. Marcantonio got lost in the general free-for-all. But he did get into several elegant riots, being arrested once (quickly released), lost a flock of teeth (never replaced), and learned a good lesson (Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF-PIX

AS A PRINCESS SHOULD

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Six women married Henry the Eighth—and only one, the heroine of this story, had the audacity and the shrewdness to hold onto her happiness when she put off the crown

THE handsome peasant woman with the swaddled baby on her knee moved farther into the shadow of the towering chimneypiece. She spoke to the brocade-clad dark girl in the great carved mistress' chair with an equal's impatient freedom.

"Tell that child Lysbet to go," she said sharply. "Those queer-colored eyes of hers are too watchful, Anna, and if she does not listen, I never saw a listener." She spoke in Flemish.

If the little girl, Elizabeth, who stood staring down at the plump, sleeping child with the adoration some little girls give all babies, understood, her face showed nothing. It was a delicate-featured oval, with red-gold curls showing under the embroidered cap. Perhaps it was too wise, and too set, for an eight-year-old's. Just as the little body in the long, tight velvet gown was too thin and too tensely carried.

Lady Anne of Cleves, who had been Henry VIII of England's queen till he wearied of her, some months gone, spoke to the child in her calm, difficult English: "Go out now, Lysbet. I am talking presently of things not for little girls."

Little Princess Elizabeth looked from one dark face to the other. She made no protest. She only curtsied and was gone. There was a waiting silence.

The woman in the shadow spoke again.

"Answer, Anna!" she said. The red light of the huge leaping fire picked out the massy gold ornaments on her high coif, and the steel of her shoe buckles. From spreading headdress to sad-colored stuff petticoats, it was the dress of a well-to-do Flemish peasant, but she was not a peasant. She was Anne's elder sister, that Duchess Sybilla who was known throughout Europe for her statecraft and her stalwart beauty. "Do you return with me or not? It's planned and safe. Two Flemish serving wenches with a babe slip aboard one of a half dozen of our League's swiftly scattering ships. The shipmasters are dumb and blind. We'll be half-way to Cleves before King Henry learns there's emptiness behind your locked door!"

Anne said, "The baby's waking!"

Her face remained unmoved, as befits a princess, but in her heart she was shaken. She wanted time for her answer. So much had come to her this dreadful year; so little in the placid twenty-four behind it. Her betrothal, shy, adoring, to her old playmate, Francis of Lorraine. And then, from a clear sky, her brother the Duke of Cleves had broken her troth and her happiness. For the love of God and Protestant Europe, he had sent her, instead, to marry this gross English Henry—Henry, the thrice-widowed, whom young Christine of Milan, a free widow herself at sixteen, had refused with a grim jest.

"Had I two heads," Christine had said, "one should be at his Grace's service!"

So it was Christine not Anne, they had married to Francis of Lorraine. Anne had thought life was done when she heard that. But she had prayed and found strength. She had bent herself to be pliant and wifely and

dutiful for the good of Europe. But from the first, Henry had hated her. After six months, he had wearied of waiting for her to conceive a son. And God had been good, for the king had chosen to be rid of her only by divorce, not death. She had come to realize, and did not care, that from the beginning he had been mad, with an aging man's desperate fire, for wild, ill-reared little Katherine Howard, her own waiting girl. Katherine, who was today Henry's wedded queen.

"Never mind the baby," Sybilla now insisted. "Haven't I three at home, that I should know how to rear this one? Answer me, Anne. What holds your mind?"

ANNE parried again, face averted. "Should I go back to Cleves, I'd be a child again under my mother. But here, so grateful is Henry that I left his fat, stinking embrace without demur, I sit a grown free lady. My dower, this castle of Richmond, is all my own forever. And it is a pleasant country, where young gentlemen dance with even such forsaken princesses as I, and kiss their cheeks and sing them praising songs—"

Sybilla shrugged this away austere. "So! Has so short a time in this English court that is half frenzied merriment, half frenzied terror, done all this? The Anna who sailed from Cleves knew that to be a princess meant forgetting all self for a princess' duty. Serving and bettering a kingdom, if not by ruling, then by guiding those who rule, came before light pleasures. But you are, as you say, a forsaken woman, now help and guide to none. Penned here, what good to any people are your lessons of right kingcraft?"

Anne said half absently, "There's at least

Henry's Lysbet. None taught her these lessons before I came. She's one that repays nurturing. At eight, she shows me lute fingering and French and Latin. As for me, I teach her that, along with wisely shut eyes and mouth, there's the princess' duty we know; and now and again love one may believe in."

"That last is a dangerous faith for those of royal blood," Sybilla said.

She shifted the swaddling child as he showed signs of waking and wailing. She patted him rhythmically on the back to still him. It was an accustomed hand, strong, brown, well-shaped but for the odd malformation of a splayed, flattened middle finger.

He wailed louder, and she bent to the hearth, dexterously spooning the warmed pap from the porringer there into his crying, open mouth. He stopped midway of his noise, comforted. The red temper flush faded to his normal pink-and-white, and his light lashes, wet still, slid placidly to his plump cheeks.

"Sleep then, little childing," she murmured; and then more sharply to her sister: "It's a risk, that Lysbet. You could always win love and silence from most. But what even little Tudor eyes and ears learn they might betray."

Face turned away still, Anne said, "How can I shut her out when her father Henry wills that she may come? It is part of his play-acting of friendliness and kindness to me."

Sybilla said, "What if she is sent to spy? Your maid Bassett said in my hearing that Henry's new queen, the Howard wench, makes a great to-do over your Lysbet. Katherine Howard has Lysbet at table with her and Henry, sets her up as her sweet cousin—"

"So she is her cousin," Anne answered wearily, leaning her pearly coif against the gilded carving. "Katherine Howard and Anne Boleyn, Lysbet's mother, were own cousins."

"It would take a learned chronicler to pat-

Tom stood with a gently restraining hand on Katherine's thin shoulder. "Take the brat," she cried, glaring at Anne. "Have it drowned or smothered!"



tern straight your ogre king's wives," Sybilla said disdainfully, as she settled the sleeping baby.

Anne said, "Aye," absently.

Across her mind, worn dull by Sybilla's voice, paced, as across a stage, a tragic pageant. Those hapless ladies who had been chosen queen to this laughing, brutal, lustful Henry of England. Saintly, obstinate Spanish Catherine of Aragon, dead none dared guess how; she who had borne Henry only the wracked princess, Mary Tudor. French-tainted, brilliant Anne Boleyn, little Lysbet's mother, with her songs and wild gaiety and tears; she who had been sent to the ax under nameless accusations, actually half for coquetry, half for sonlessness. Meek, pallid, small Jane Seymour, a party's puppet; her virtuous nonentity had kept her from punishment, but not from neglected death at frail Prince Edward's birth. Herself, tall, anxious Anne of Cleves, trailing across the stage in the Flemish gowns the courtiers mocked. And now this black-eyed Howard child, frisking and chattering like her cousin Anne Boleyn, but without Anne Boleyn's brains or courtier's ways. The phantom music of Henry's loved flutes and rebecks played them through Flemish Anne's mind into a darkness. . . .

SYBILLA spoke sharply: "Do you not hear me? I said you have no prudence. Friendship with Henry's oldest girl, that poor Mary, is safe enough. She's honest. But you trust too far any child of Henry and that dancing, play-acting wanton, Anne Boleyn. Doctor Martin Luther himself wrote a book against her. In having Lysbet here, you risk much for the pleasure of seeing that hard little face of an angelkin. Such angels aren't to my taste, even unfledged."

Anne said gently, "That hard little face has been wet against my shoulder. She has sobbed in my arms for that poor wretch, her mother, whom Henry murdered. She was only three, but she remembers."

"Well, after all, the risk is well-nigh over. Listen, instead, Anna, for the last time. Dower or none, my Duke Hans and I will stand behind you if you return to Cleves with me. Indeed, it's proof of that, that I came like this, when the Protestant League dared trust no other messenger. Remember, too, we shall be well weaponed!"

"Indeed, I am not ungrateful," Anne pleaded, leaning forward. "I don't forget that alone of the League, you and Hans stood against the breaking of my betrothal to Francis, my marriage here. And who but you would have periled this journey for my sake?"

Sybilla pushed it aside with, "I'd do more than that for you, as you for me. Now listen, stubborn Anna: All these pretty reasons for staying here are but coverings. Dancing and hawking and lute playing, and a castle to own and Tudor bastards to pet are never what the woman you are would put above all else. Is it a man?"

"Knowing me, you must know that the love of men ended for me when they wedded Francis to Christine of Milan," Anne said through hard-steadied lips.

She rose suddenly from the great carved chair, towering over Sybilla on her stool. Tall, broad-hipped and broad-shouldered, she stood like one of the pagan marble women the French were copying for their new palaces these days. Her face was suddenly convulsed. "Good lord! You know why I would stay—you must know!" she began, her voice raised from its even note.

The tapestry over the far door flew back. Little Elizabeth Tudor fled into the great hall, wide skirts fluttering, tiny red heels pattering hard.

Anne's face changed to watchful kindness. "Lysbet! Softly! Softly!" she warned. "The cap is untied—the good greeting forgotten. Not so do the well-born—"

"Cousin Katherine is coming here—Queen Kate Howard! Dame Lilgrave and I saw her from the upper casement. We knew by the liveries and banners!" The child was panting.

"Why, what then?" Anne bent to tie the cap strings. "She treats you well. She and your father's Grace dined here with me a while back. It is perhaps to bid me in return that she is coming."

Elizabeth threw her arms round Anne's waist, her red-gold curls pressed to the stiff

bodice. "Dame Lilgrave said—Dame Lilgrave said to give swift warning!"

"Lilgrave is a fool. Why should I need warning?"

As she spoke, hoofs rang already in the courtyard, and there was clatter of an armed escort dismounting. And suddenly Queen Katherine Howard was there, hurrying down Anne's darkening hall. She came on fast.

Tiny, with a child's round face and pouting mouth and big eyes, Katherine might have been a twelve-year-old masking it in a queen's fine clothing. Eight-year-old Elizabeth, loosing her arms from Anne, the composed mask settling again over her small face, looked the wiser of the two. Indeed, the little queen who had ousted Anne of Cleves was still in her teens; a rash, passionate child whose Howard bravery and Howard pride scarcely hid a child's imperious greeds and terrors.

The men-at-arms, in their red-and-blue royal liveries, marched forward to thrust their tall torches in the wall sockets; then stood back in menacing formation, two by two. The Cleves princess and the Tudor child stood serene now, smiling welcome in the red-and-black glare. Stately peasant-clad Sybilla rose from her stool, babe in arms, dropped her foreign curtsy and knelt upright behind the others.

"Your Grace the Queen is welcome to her poor subjects," Anne said, as she made reverence to the queen who had been her waiting girl. Little Elizabeth knelt gravely to kiss Katherine's hand, and the pattern of the pageant would have spun slowly to its end had not Katherine's own shrill baby voice broken it.

"Go out, you men-at-arms!" She spoke almost in a shriek, as if her servants were powerful as she; not with the proper dignity of a lord's daughter.

Watching, Anne could see how harried and desperate was that little face of childish passions and desires. It had been brightly vital as a young animal's. It was bright still; but the color was paint, not the fresh country flush of the young Katherine at fifteen, new come to court from romping with her grandam duchess' servants, neglected, quarrelsome and gay.

Her gentleman, young, velvet-coated, gold-chained, motioned the guards away.

"Ah, go, you too, Cousin Tom!" Katherine begged, her small heavy-jeweled hand on his cuff.

Culpeper of the Bedchamber, who had been one of Anne's household also through her six months of queenship, smiled down at the uplifted baby face as men smile only at women they worship. He saluted his late and his present mistress with a quick grace which delayed nothing, and clanked out behind his yeomen to the courtyard. The little queen's eyes followed him before she turned angrily to Anne.

"Is this tale I hear true?" she demanded.

"Will your Grace be pleased to say what tale?" Anne's deep voice answered steadily.

NOTHING of the courteous pattern changed in the great smoky room while Anne waited. The watchful child Elizabeth still knelt in the foreground, the watchful, handsome peasant woman knelt with the infant behind; Anne herself stood tall and still in her gold-patterned gown. Again it was Katherine who broke through with violence.

"Tell me!" she almost screamed. She twisted the tiny hands with their great rings; she thrust her head forward at Anne. "Tell me, you great cow! Five months ago it was rumored you were with child!"

"That was a lie, your Grace," Anne said stolidly.

"A lie—of course it was a lie!" Katherine shrilled. "But who could tell lie from truth, with those Flemish skirts of yours bladdering out so?"

"I do not know, your Grace," Anne bent, then, to say in Elizabeth's curls, "Get up off the cold stone, Lysbet. Her Grace won't notice. She forgot to bid you rise. You'll catch cold."

Elizabeth, with a sidelong glance at Katherine, slid up. She brushed her velvet knees carefully, as Anne had taught her, and slipped back into the shadow, by Sybilla.

(Continued on page 62)



General Ike Eisenhower is responsible for putting our fighting men in Europe in battle jackets, has been wearing this model since the early part of this year. The general's jacket is buttoned at the bottom, his own idea. The one the boys will get is like this except it has an extension tab at the waistline

Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, best known in the clothing world for his famous beret, wears a British battle jacket. The British version is slightly shorter at the waist than ours because the uniform is worn with high trousers and suspenders. The trousers of our troops are designed to be worn with a belt



EVERYBODY'S *Jacket*

By Henry L. Jackson

Here's the first article of clothing for civilians that has come directly out of World War II

JUST before D-Day, a medium-sized package was brought to Marshal—then General—Montgomery in Supreme Headquarters. He unwrapped it, took out the contents and tried it on. He strutted a bit, looked at the right, then at the left sleeve, and pronounced his new battle jacket the finest uniform he had ever had. This was no small admission, for the British are no slouches at designing uniforms.

Each war seems to produce one article of wearing apparel which finds a permanent place in the wardrobe. In the first World War, it was the trench type of raincoat. Now comes the battle jacket. When the Quartermaster General's office announced last spring that our boys would be issued a new battle jacket for the European Theater of Operations and manufacturers took one look at it, they whooped with joy. Already it promises to become a civilian avalanche.

During this war, for the first time in military history, a change of uniform was made in the midst of action. The moving spirit behind the change was General Eisenhower, who insisted the boys going into Italy be given a practical combat uniform, good-looking enough for a date behind the lines.

A similar jacket had been worn for some time by the R.A.F. When our 8th Air Force boys arrived in England, they liked the jacket the English pilots were wearing and promptly went to English tailors and had themselves jacketed. It wasn't regulation. But who was to argue with the golden boys if they wanted to shoot down enemy planes wearing a well-tailored jacket—or star-spangled tights for that matter?

When our own officers abroad saw what the new jackets could do for the build—the way they broadened shoulders, nipped in waists and played up military trimness, they set up a howl and eventually got them.

The jacket is short, with a wide waistband and convertible collar which may be worn open or closed. It is tailored with regular shirt sleeves, which are adjustable, and has a full back, permitting a maximum of comfort. It has much in common with the Norwegian skiing jacket, which is a strictly utilitarian number. Yet polls taken among soldiers and their girls proved it was preferred to the so-called dress uniform.

During the black days, when Great Britain was seriously considering regulation dress for civilians, this was the jacket they chose and, along with matching trousers, it was actually made and distributed in many parts of Great Britain. The Free French, the Poles, Czechs and Norwegians in London wore the British jacket, which differs from ours in that it's shorter, with a standing collar.

The battle jacket is perfect for the new "working country clothes," in which you can handyman around the house and grounds and yet look respectable if the neighbors drop in. It's fine, too, for hunting, golfing, fishing and is a natural for postwar flying.

You can get one in tweed, water-repellent cotton, leather, corduroy or flannel or camel-type cloth. Most stores around the country have them in stock or on order. If you have trouble locating one, drop us a line—we'll tell you the nearest place to get one. ★★



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



Harold William Gluck, 2d Lieut. in the U. S. Army infantry, a veteran of this war, honorably discharged on May 4, 1944. The jacket he wears, made for civilians, is of cotton water-repellent, wind-resistant cloth. Its collar may be worn buttoned up or down, and it has an extension tab waistband, two military pockets and shirt cuffs. It's fine for sports

Younger boys like the battle jacket, can wear it to school, for ice-skating, skiing and general knock-about wear. The girl, too, wears one with same military details. The battle jacket here, of tweed, slightly more dressy than the cotton type, is fine for going to the movies, golfing, etc. The Army uses the jacket for combat duty and dress, civilians like it for active sports, lounge

Microbe KILLER

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Mankind will probably never live in a world free from bacteria, but science is coming close to that ideal, thanks to some new chemicals that are being derived from mercury

A NEW-TYPE chemical warfare is on the way against the microbes that plague our lives. We fight bacteria in operating rooms and realize that surgery would be impossible without rigid asepsis. We know complete sterility is essential for certain industries—canning, for example.

Yet we accept microbes in our homes, offices, schools. We think we have learned how to live with them. Have we? You'll find the answer in the mildew that grows on your shoes in the closet and the various other fungi that cost over a billion dollars a year. One may only guess at the number of lives that are taken by bacteria which casu-

ally drift into wounds to cause infection, or bacteria that are sucked into the lungs, or swallowed with food. The point is that we haven't learned to live *with* bacteria. We have learned to accept death and destruction *from* them.

This attitude is due largely to the fact that we have had no weapons against the microbes that float in the air like so many microscopic feathers. It now looks as if such weapons are at hand, the products of war research.

Shoes and shower curtains, treated with these chemicals, won't mildew. Socks rinsed in them won't support the growth of the athlete's-foot fungus. Curtains, rugs, upholstery fabrics will kill any microbes that light on them.

These chemicals can be mixed with concrete, linoleum or paint to make them permanent enemies of airborne bacteria. Microbes which land on them die like flies on flypaper. Suits and dresses can be treated with these chemicals and still retain their microbe-killing ability after a dozen dry cleanings. If you are using a treated handkerchief, you won't carry a cold around in your pocket.

In a set of striking experiments, completed a few weeks ago, the Army gave a new clue to the role that bacteria plays in all our lives. Army physicians had the idea that a fine film of oil might be used to trap microbes—and keep them trapped until they died. Bacteria caught in such an oil film on a floor wouldn't be swept into the air again by shuffling feet or a broom. Blankets treated with a finely emulsified oil would cling tenaciously to microbes—instead of releasing them in the air every time a bed was made.

A Tale of Two Barracks

For its experiment, the Army selected two camps: Camp Carson, Colorado, and Peterson Field, Colorado Springs. Sixteen thousand men were involved in the test. Half of them lived in barracks in which floors and blankets had been oil-treated. The other half lived in untreated barracks. Tests indicated that the oil reduced floating microbes by 97 per cent. The most significant figures came from hospital admissions. Men living in treated barracks had a third less respiratory diseases—flu, colds, pneumonia. This is especially significant when you realize how little time men spend in barracks. But this work was merely trapping microbes. What we wanted were new chemicals to kill them.

War made it imperative that we develop a host of such chemicals in a hurry. In the warm, damp areas of the Pacific, fungi do staggering damage. Shoes, under some conditions, go to pieces in a week. Textiles—tent fabric, raincoats, sandbag cloth—may disintegrate in a matter of hours.

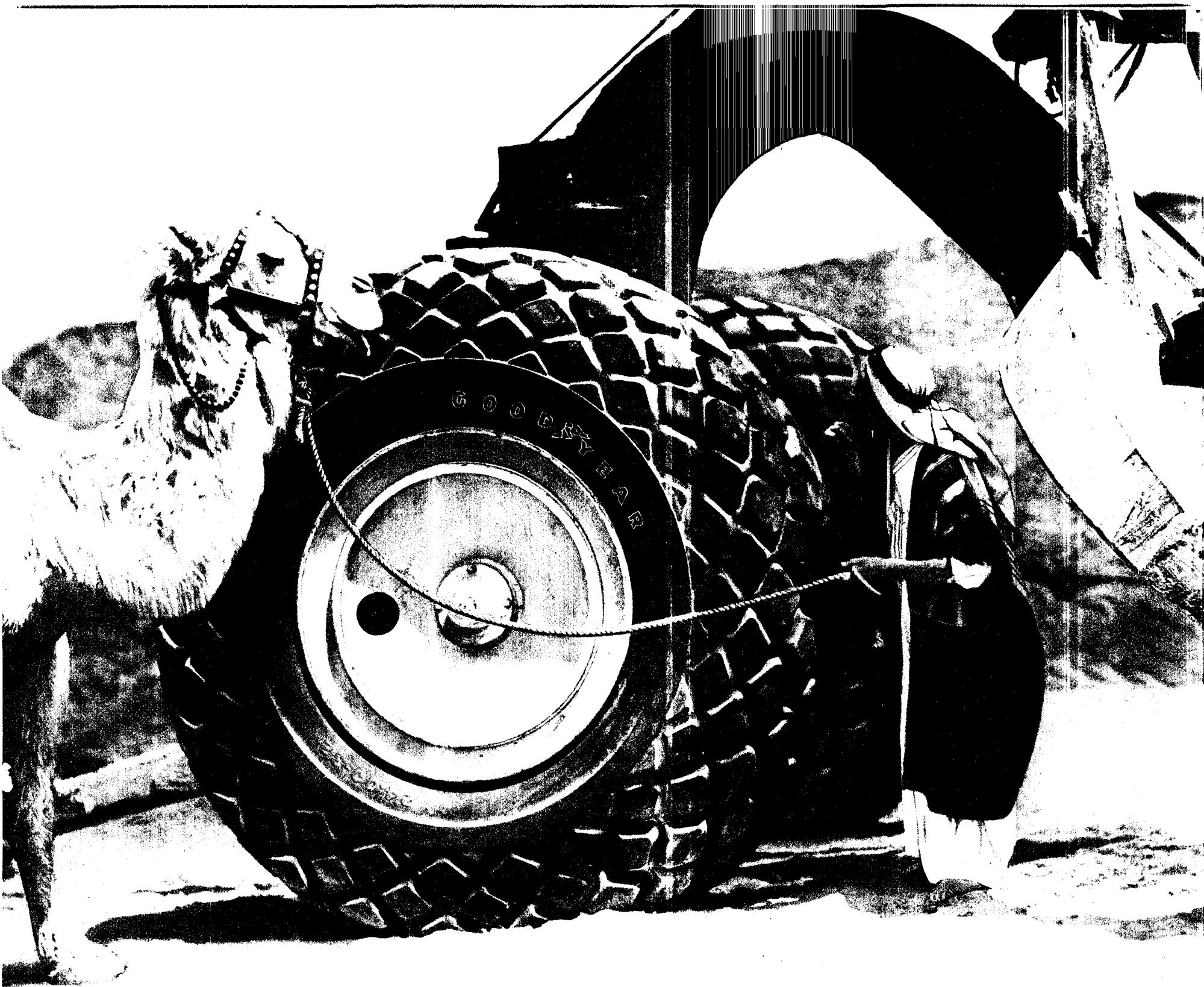
We weren't completely without weapons against these destructive agents when war started. We had the phenolic compounds—derived from coal tar—and a number of compounds of copper. But they were rank chemicals, with evil smells and highly irritating to the skin. They could never be used to treat shirtings or other textiles that come in intimate contact with the body.

What was needed were bland compounds which were odorless and nonirritating. The ideal was a chemical with the properties of an invisible dye, a chemical which would work itself into the fibers of cloth and cling tenaciously and which wouldn't be washed out in laundries or removed by cleaning fluid. It would retain its bacteria and fungi-killing ability for months or years.

Rugs, upholstery fabric, curtains and mattresses could be treated to kill microbes. A neighbor's sneeze wouldn't leave behind a week of misery for all the family. Bacteria tracked into the house wouldn't be a constant source of danger for baby, crawling on the rug.

(Continued on page 55)

Leo Rampell, Belgian-born chemist, inspects a batch of one of the new mercurial compounds, a synthesis of an organic antiseptic, which may help rid the world of harmful bacteria and fungi



A desert ship meets a modern transport

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

YOU ALWAYS WANT SOMETHING

BY MARIANNE ROANE

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY



She backed toward him saying, "Can you see anything?" He bent over her shoulder, a strained expression on his face

IN THE late afternoon, just before Johnny arrived, Kit had gone to lie down with a book. It was too bad to lie unattractively in bed on the last day of your marriage, but she was too tired to get up and do anything about it.

Now she could hear the soft, careful bumps which meant Johnny was getting his suitcase down from the closet shelf. In a minute he came in, blowing the dust off his suitcase, turning it over to wipe it clean. Setting it down on the bed he saw that the ceiling light was hurting her eyes and switched it off, silently switched on her reading light. He crossed to the dresser and opened a drawer.

Kit watched the curve of his back and ran her eyes up and down his figure the way you do with the last picture in the gallery, when you have been there all afternoon and remember nothing and you think you must have something to take away.

He worried the suitcase for something in its corner and said, interpreting her silence, "I suppose you think it's all my own fault, ducking out on you like this."

And then he turned toward her, both hands full of combs and tubes. "Listen, tell me one thing: Are you sorry you married me?"

Kit ran her tongue around her teeth. "Do you mean," she said finally, "would I have done better if I'd married somebody else?"

He nodded and asked, "What about Frick Mitchell?"

She acted out tremendous laughter with little actual effort by simply arching back on the bed and beating her head on the pillow. "Frick Mitchell! You know I couldn't have married him. He was too good for me."

Johnny said simply, "What about George?"

Kit looked at him kindly. "Johnny, dear, don't you know George would have walked out on me the way you're doing?"

"But why?" he asked. "Why?"

She took a deep breath and said, "I don't know why, Johnny. You know I tried. I put magazines in your fishing boots to keep 'em from crackling and I learned to do scrambled eggs just right. But I can't keep my mind on it somehow. I always laugh when it isn't

funny." She added, "But Nance should be good for you. You always know what she's thinking about for one thing, and she's crazy about you. With me, you can't tell, you don't know. There are times when I can't stand the sight of any human, even you. Why, I don't know myself."

He stood quietly, his head on one side. His face had softened. "Nance was telling me last night she wanted a church wedding," he said.

Kit turned her head away and opened her book, read to the bottom of the page and, turning it over, suddenly felt his silence.

"You never heard me," he said fiercely.

She put the book down and said, "I did hear you. She wants a church wedding."

Johnny yanked his drawer out. "The trouble with you," he said a little bitterly, "is that you always want something. You've got some sort of ideals."

SHE wet her lips and said with immense effort, "That isn't so. I don't have any ideals. My parents never allowed me to have any . . . they were such hypocrites themselves." She clenched and unclenched her hands. "I don't believe in anything. I don't know what I want."

"That's right," he said slowly. "All you do is make fun of everything and everybody. Maybe it's because you went to school in Europe, never had any kid friends to give you the idea that man is actually a pleasant creature beneath his perversities." He went on harshly, "The Lord knows why you should think so much of yourself. Sometimes I've been afraid to take you to people for fear of what you'd say next."

She sat up, suddenly animated. "Johnny, no, don't say that. You know how I hate sham in people. Don't tell me you didn't love it when I made fun of them for you." She leaned toward him. "Why, it's the main

reason you could stand them, because I could tear them to bloody shreds. You won't let yourself be forced into conventional grooves any more than I will. And you did need me because I was a fishwife among good women."

He set the drawer down carefully and leaned back to look at her. "Kit," he said gently, "don't call yourself names. I don't want you blaming yourself for any of this. You're still a remarkable woman—if it were only possible to live with you."

He shoved her feet away under the blanket and sat down on the bed, then smiled at her ruefully. "There were lots of things we didn't like to do together, weren't there, kid?"

She nodded and smiled, involuntarily wrinkling up her nose in exactly the same way he was doing. It was a trick to signify intense amusement, and they had used it so much that now there was no telling which one of them had invented it. For a second they sat, one the reflection of the other. Then he got up and went back to his packing.

She watched him a moment with friendly interest, then she got out of bed, went across the room to put on her dress. She had it over her head when she drew it up again and fumbled with one hand at her shoulder blade. Finally she mumbled, "Johnny, come here. There's a rough spot here that hurts. Can you see . . ."

He straightened up, his face quite stiff. She backed toward him, still fumbling, and said, "Here. Can you see anything?"

He bent over her shoulder, and his face had the strained expression of a man who is trying not to breathe, eyes narrowed with the effort. He said immediately, "That's ringworm, I think. You've got the stuff on the back of your neck, too."

She leaned toward the mirror and said, "Johnny, ringworm? How can that happen?"

He took something out of his suitcase and

handed it to her. "It is, though—a regular pink ring like you had on your leg from swimming last summer. I kept the ointment, but you can have it. From me to you." He banged the suitcase shut. "I thought for a minute you were trying to pull a fast one there—trying to do something the last minute to—to . . ."

She laughed. "To get you back? Isn't it a little bit late for that?"

He said soberly, "A man can't be too careful." His eyes measured her, tried and tested every line. In her dead-white slip she was as beautiful as any other woman. He took his suitcase and walked to the door with two quick steps. In the doorway he turned around, trying to sum it up, looking for words, and then shrugged his shoulders. "All I can say now," he said, "is it's a damn shame you had to have a mind of your own." Without another word he walked into the living room.

WHEN she finished dressing, she came out. The front door was open, and the snow, which had been falling all day, was lighted by the headlights of a waiting taxi. Johnny was in his hat and coat. He set the suitcase down awkwardly and held out his hand.

"Well, goodbye, Kit," he said. "I guess this is goodbye."

She stood astonished, not knowing what to do. Then she walked over to him and carefully put her hand in his. From old habit he bent down, and she, reaching up, almost kissed him. But their faces glided past each other and they stood a moment quietly, cheek to cheek.

She wanted to say something but could not now because she was crying and realized that he was crying, too. And so, in order not to embarrass each other, they quickly walked apart with their faces averted, he out into the street and she into the kitchenette. She had to stop suddenly to keep from running into the sink and stood there with the blank face of a woman who has forgotten what she was looking for.



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A Girl Like Her Mother

Continued from page 15

The full significance of that "we" escaped Ab until next morning, when he found Helga waiting with her father. She was wearing man's shirt and overalls. She was a tall girl, with a straight, slim body, and Ab thought she was a boy until she turned and faced him.

He scowled at her. "Where you going?" "She chops undercuts," Pete said. He was unable to meet Ab's eye, and stared at the top of the nearest tree. "Helga is pretty good with an ax."

Ab exploded. "She is, is she? Well, I'll have none of her ax play. No woman will ever work with me, no time or no place. Women ought to stay home and cook."

"Helga is a good cook," Pete said mildly. Helga gave Ab the full impact of her cold blue stare and told him, "What are you complaining about, gyppo? My share comes out of Dad's check. Whatever I do, you get half for nothing."

"Not me," Ab said roughly. "I don't work with a woman. Go on home where you belong."

"I can swing an ax as straight as you can," Helga argued.

Ab ignored her. He waited savagely until he caught Pete's wandering eye. "Well, it was a good partnership while it lasted."

Pete looked helplessly at his daughter. She glared at Ab, her full lips thinned to a tight line.

"All right. I'll stay home. But talk about bullheaded Swedes!"

"You fix up a good supper," Pete advised mildly. "Maybe Ab will eat with us."

HELGA put her face against her father's and told him in a ferocious whisper, "Any time you bring him home for supper, you can figure on cooking it yourself!"

She marched stiffly away. Pete looked after her, chuckling.

"By Jimminy, you bossed her, and I never could do that, Ab. Helga is just like her mother. Helga takes care of me since her mother is dead. She didn't have no sisters, only six brothers, and she could work right along with them. Yes, and fight them, too! But she really can cook good."

"I'll stick to my own cooking," Ab said. "Well, let's go."

He and Pete put in a good day. The old man was a timber-faller, but that was not always enough. Often two good fallers could not work together, but he and Pete seemed geared to the same rhythm. After the first hour their co-ordination was as smooth as though they had worked as a team for years.

"We are just naturally gaited to each other," Pete said at the end of the day. "I like to work with you as well as any man I ever run onto, Ab."

"Not a bad day," Ab admitted.

"Just don't let Helga make you mad," Pete said. "Why don't you come to supper tonight and make friends?"

"You heard what Helga said this morning. No, I'll eat at home. I been batching a long time. When I get tired of that, I eat at the cookhouse."

In the days that followed Ab decided his new partner was a jewel without a flaw. At first he watched and waited for an outbreak, but apparently the old man was not crazy, like most Swedes. Of course, Helga made up for it.

He saw Helga every morning and evening. They glared at each other and exchanged barbed words. Ab always resolved to maintain a dignified silence when they met, but she irritated him into speech. But, he told himself, he could put up with her for Pete's sake. He could not have found a better partner.

Ab was young, Pete was over sixty, and for his pride's sake Ab was determined to outwork the old man. They were gypping—paid so much for each thousand board feet. Sixteen-inch stumps meant they worked bent double most of the day. The saw whipped bright shavings out of the undercut, zip-zip-zip; the two axes swung in slashing strokes, taking the chip out. Then without a pause they moved to the back of the tree, and the

saw bit into the soft wood again until the tree groaned and the cut began to gape, and Ab bawled, "T-i-m-b-e-r!" and almost before the tree crashed to earth they were on another undercut.

Ab set a terrible pace, but the old man never held back. He was always ready and waiting when Ab started the saw or lifted his ax. Often Ab thought he appeared tired, but he never complained.

Ab was proud of his own strength and endurance. He was determined to win some sign of weakness from Pete—an admission that Ab was too good for him. He never got it. The third Saturday after Pete had come to work with him, Ab was eating alone in his cabin. His bones ached with weariness, and he wondered again how the old man held up under the punishment.

There was a brisk rap on his door and he said, "Come in."

It was Helga. She pushed the door open and stood on the top step. She wore a neat, starched dress, and looked so clean, so fresh, that he was overconscious of his own dirty face and salt-whitened shirt and the smell of sweat that clung to him.

"What do you want?" he asked ungraciously.

"Another thing! You tell him that I was here tonight, and I'll brain you."

"Now, I believe that," Ab assured her. "Of all the crazy Swede outbursts I ever heard—"

She slammed the door on his last words. Ab was pretty sure that Helga could make her father quit, if she tried, and he did not want to lose Pete, so she slowed down. They were still high team, as far as footage was concerned, but by a much smaller margin. He and Pete worked together so smoothly that the work was almost easy, and the saw ran as though it had its own pulling power.

UNTIL they found the snake, Ab had almost forgotten that Pete was a Swede, and therefore crazy. Ab almost stepped on the snake, but Pete would not let him kill it. That was a Saturday, and old man Rivers had come down off the high mountain the night before, peddling some of his homemade rye. If Pete had been sampling Rivers' product, it did not show in his work, but when they saw the rattlesnake . . .

Pete pinned the snake to the earth with a forked stick and then made a noose of his shoelace and tied the snake to a bush.

"I will take it home to Helga," he said.

"She likes snakes, too?" Ab asked. Merely looking at a snake made his neck tingle. Once he had worked with a man who had a snake rattle decorating his hatband, and every time he moved Ab all but jumped out of his skin.

"I would not say she likes all snakes," Pete



COLLIER'S

COLIN ALLEN

"I want to tell you something."

"Tell me tomorrow. I'm tired."

"You are tired!" She glared at him. "Dad is asleep. He fell asleep at the table, while he was eating. Every night he can hardly stay awake to eat. You think you are so smart, trying to work an old man to death!"

"Who, me? I'm not trying—"

"Oh, shut up!" Helga snapped. "I know you. You think you got to work harder than anybody else—drink harder, fight harder, too. So you have to kill an old man, just to prove how tough you are."

"Now, wait," Ab said. "If he can't keep up with me, all he has to do is say so."

"He'd drop first! He is a fool man, too. He'd be mad if he knew I was here. But what do you want, how much money do you want? You're making five dollars a day more than any set of fallers on the job as it is."

"Listen, I don't care about the money."

"You are money crazy, like all gyppos. Kill yourselves for a couple of months, get a big check, blow it all in one night. Well, let me tell you something, Mister Douglas! You haven't got sense to see my father is an old man, but I'll tell you. You let up a little, or I'll make him quit!"

"Well, my gosh! I wasn't trying to—"

She interrupted him, holding so tightly to the doorknob that her knuckles were white.

said, "but I don't think she ever see a snake so big as this. Ain't he a big beauty, though?"

That evening he carried the snake home in his lunch box.

Ab had bought a quart of Rivers' panther milk for himself, and after he had looked into the bottle a time or two, he decided to eat at the cookhouse for a change. He felt good. He was tired, but not bone-tired—just enough to feel relaxed and comfortable and loose when the day's work was done.

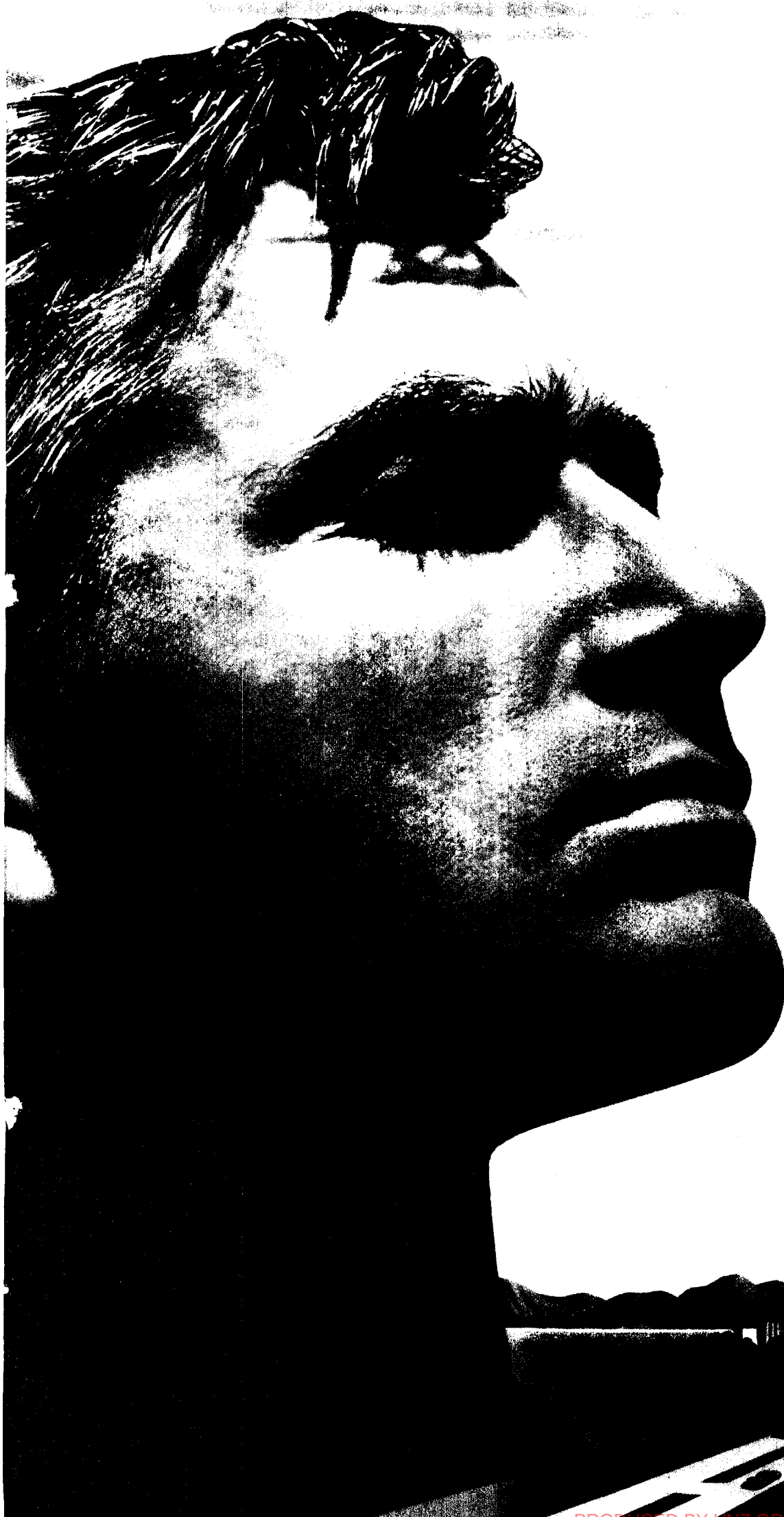
AFTER supper he moved to the bunkhouse steps with those of the crew who had not gone off to town. Whisky circulated, and some of the boys began to talk big. Ab relaxed, not saying much, but feeling easy and natural in that free male air.

Edgar Olesen, a choker-setter, had bought a gallon, and he sat on the lowest step, nursing the jug between his knees when it was not traveling around the group. Mel Eb-bets, who was timid as a wren except when it came to skinning a big cat, was there, and so was Bushman, a knot-bumper, on the landing. A silent and sober Indian who bucked logs sat just behind Ab. The others were millhands—sawdust-eaters.

Olesen was a big barn of a man whose thoughts were few and simple. He had sense enough to open his mouth when he saw a



Imagination and Enterprise



Imagination sees through the mountain;

Enterprise discovers the way over, around or under.

Imagination paints the picture in the artist's mind;

Enterprise finds the paints and talent to put it on canvas.

Imagination designs a product that will help or serve or please people;

Enterprise finds methods for producing it, improving it, making it available to more and more people.

In a free country, imagination and enterprise succeed by useful, helpful service to people—by creating opportunities to help the individual improve his condition.

Without freedom, imagination serves greed and hatred—enterprise turns to intrigue, enslavement and oppression.

With freedom, imagination and enterprise built America—helped keep it a nation of free people—and gave us our reserve of power to fight tyranny.

We all must guard this freedom constantly—so that imagination can continue to envision benefits for all of us, and enterprise can make them real.

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6 A.M. . . . you feel all in

ALACKADAY! You're certainly a sorry sight, waking with that "what-do-I-care" feeling—just for the need of a laxative.

Hurry up, lady . . . don't put off the relief you need. Drink a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica before you do another thing!



8 A.M. . . . you're one broad grin!

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY—rejoicing! Lucky you took that Sal Hepatica! Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts *within* an hour . . . bringing fast, yet gentle, relief.

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ity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Yes, 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this refreshing saline laxative.

Next time *you* need a laxative, try Sal Hepatica, won't you?

**Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA**

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., EWT

forkful of food coming toward it, but not much more. He sang to himself a saga of his own prowess in cleaning out a California street bar.

The talk went around. The jug went around. The evening was cool, with a moist breeze sucking down from the high mountain, where a storm was building. Now and then the thunder spoke, and the men listened.

The Indian behind Ab grunted and Ab looked at him. The Indian was staring at an indistinct figure coming up the path.

"Who's that?" Mel Ebbets asked nervously. "My wife is in town."

The figure said softly, "Dad?"

"Helga, by Jimminy," Olesen said. "Little Helga."

"Is that you, Dad? Is that Pete Johnson?"

Olesen got up and walked toward her. She started to meet him, but halted after a few steps. "Oh! I thought you were Dad. Is Pete there, Mister Olesen?"

"Little Helga," Olesen said. "My little Helga. A kiss. I kiss little Helga, hah?"

Ab stood up and said, "Olesen! Come back here, you dumb Swede."

Olesen did not stop, and Ab moved after him, saying, "Olesen, come back here!"

He could see the white blur of Helga's face turned to him. She said, in a steady, clear voice, "Mr. Douglas, will you please mind your own business?"

SHE seemed about to say more, but Olesen, still carrying his jug, put one arm around her. It was too dark for Ab to see clearly what happened, but Helga kicked the man's shin and when Olesen staggered back, howling, she hit him as a man would—a full, roundhouse swing that landed solidly on his face.

She ran into the darkness. Olesen laughed like a huge, pleased child.

"Jumping Jimminy! She sure hit me a good one. hah? Little Helga."

Ab said to the group on the bunkhouse steps, "What a woman! She drives their car. She wants to come out in the woods and chop undercuts. She has rattlesnakes for pets. She hits like a man. Almighty Creator! Think of being married to a woman like that!"

"Little Helga is sweet girl," Olesen said. "Sweet as a she-bear in the spring."

Olesen came toward him, saying cheerfully, "You know one thing? I think I give you good licking, hah?"

"Keep away," Ab said warningly. "Stay away from me, you crazy Swede!"

Olesen said, "So!" and swung the jug. Ab stepped back and let the jug go past, then jumped in and caught Olesen's arms. He locked his fingers behind the Swede's back and said, "All right, boys. Let's grab him before he hurts somebody."

He sensed movement close to him, but they let him alone with Olesen. The Swede

grunted and began to waltz him around, trying to jerk his right arm free. Olesen had too much weight, and Ab was pushed back and back, and then Olesen brought his head forward and smashed his skull against Ab's nose and Ab's temper went at once. He unclasped his hands and struck at Olesen's face. He put all his body into the punch, feeling the impact up to his shoulder. Olesen fell forward on his face and lay still.

"That's all for tonight, boys," Ab said. "I'm going home."

He walked along the hard, smooth path until he could no longer hear voices behind him. Rain was falling. His nose ached, and his shoulder. He thought, what did you want to do that for? You're as crazy as the Swede. What gets into a man, anyhow?

He went on to his cabin. Pete Johnson was sitting in the kitchen, his lunch box on his lap.

"Hi, Pete," Ab said. "Helga was looking for you."

"She won't let me sleep home," Pete complained. "Her own father."

"Run you out, did she?"

"Ab, I tell you I wish she had a man of her own to look after her. Sometimes she is too much for me."

"Look after her! She'd do the looking after, if you ask me."

Pete hiccuped and then said seriously, "No, Helga is really awful timid, like her mother. And she is a good cook. Ab, you better come eat Sunday dinner with us, hah? What you been doing to your face?"

"Ran into a tree," Ab said. "Sleep here, if you want to. I'm turning in right now."

He lifted the lunch box from Pete's lap and it rattled at him. He hurled it away and Pete dived after it, picked it up, and held it anxiously to his ear.

"Be a little careful, Ab! You could hurt him. Suppose the box wasn't locked good and he got out? We was likely to bruise him, getting him in again."

"You take that snake out of here," Ab said hotly. "Take it back to Helga."

"She don't like him," Pete said sadly. "She turn us both out."

"Me, too. Beat it."

He lifted the lunch box from Pete's lap and me stay home. You would not put out a dog in this rain—let alone a poor old man."

"You can stay, but get rid of the snake."

"You are as pigheaded as Helga," Pete said. "A poor little snake is got no fur or hair or nothing. A snake is snaked—is naked. A naked is snaked. A naked—"

"Suppose he got out?"

"I won't let him bite you, Ab," Pete said earnestly. "But this is no weather for a snake to be out. Please, please Ab."

"Oh, all right," Ab said. "You sleep on this bunk, and keep the door to my room shut, hear?"

Ab went on to his bedroom, propping a



"Well, the weather wasn't so good on the reconnaissance flight and I had all this film, so . . ."

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

Molly Pitcher, 1944



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In these wartime days, the spirit of neighborliness so characteristic of our people is again paying dividends. Did

you ever dream ten years ago that today you would pull up to the curb and offer a ride to a stranger? That you would have a bundle of salvaged paper ready when the Boy Scouts called? That you would walk home with awkward packages because your dealers have difficulty making deliveries? When you aid your neighbor, you aid your country. Isn't it surprising how many things one person can do to help win a war?

* * *

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(C) 1944

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S



People who get results agree that there is no substitute for hard work and also that recreation and relaxation are essential to accomplishment. In your well-earned leisure, select a beverage of moderation. A tall, stately glass of Budweiser is a standing invitation to make your moments of relaxation complete.

Budweiser

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chair against the door for safety. For a minute or two he lay in bed listening to Pete croon lovingly to his snake, and then dropped sharply into unrestful sleep.

He awakened as suddenly. The rain had stopped beating on the roof, and for a moment he thought the cessation of sound had roused him. But he was uneasy with that explanation, and searched his dream memory until he found another: a shot, just outside the cabin.

Ab slept in his skin, like a free and healthy man. He jumped out of bed and into his overalls with one movement, and jerked open the door to the kitchen. Pete was just climbing into his bunk. He smiled cheerfully at Ab. "By Jimminy, Ab, you sure get up early. I think I sleep a while longer, hah?"

"Thought I heard a shot."
"Oh, that. I got to dreaming about my snake getting loose. I turned on the light and I see your shotgun. I was never bit by snake, and the more I think, the less I think I like to be. So I shoot him."

AB COULD hear Mrs. Bullock, in the next cabin, talking nervously to someone. He opened the door and shouted, "Go back to sleep. It's all right—nothing happened."

An instant after he had shut the door someone tapped on it softly.

"It's all right," Ab said. "Go back to bed."

The door opened enough to admit Helga's head. Seeing that he was dressed, she stepped over the threshold. The two long braids of hair hung down her back. She wore shoes but no stockings, and under her long coat showed a white nightgown.

She looked at Ab almost timidly and asked, "Was it Dad? I was worried about him. I didn't know where he was."

Pete sat up in bed, scratching his naked shoulder against the wall. "Helga, I wish you get a man of your own and leave me alone. Me and Ab was having a fine old bachelor time. But maybe he does not appreciate it. He never was married."

"Shall I take him home?" Helga asked. "He got some of that whisky, and he had a snake."

"I shot the naked snake," Pete told her. "I need a new lunch box, too, Helga."

"He'll be all right until morning," Ab said. "Go to bed and stop worrying."

She smiled at him. She had a wide mouth and her teeth were white and even. She had the bluest eyes in the world, Ab thought. It made you feel good to look into her eyes when they weren't shooting sparks.

She said, "About Olesen. I told you to mind your own business, because I didn't want—"

Ab cut her off. "I'll mind my own business without you telling me."

"But I saw you fighting him."

"That didn't concern you. Think I'll stand still and let a crazy Swede massacre me with a jug?"

"I hope he didn't hurt you," Helga said, her eyes beginning to snap.

"Hurt me? A crazy Swede like Olesen hurt me?"

She said crisply, "Good thing he had the jug and could only use one hand."

"Is that so?" Ab yelled. "Is that so? Let me tell you—"

She slammed the door on his words.

Pete, snuggling down in the blankets, said drowsily, "You and Helga fight all the time, don't you? You better look out. Her mother—"

The door opened and Helga put her head in, glaring at Ab's naked, brown torso. "What's more, you better quit eating your own cooking before you starve. You're skinny as a rail."

She slammed the door again. Pete blinked and said, "Maybe you better eat supper with us, hah?"

Ab slammed the bedroom door so hard it bounced open.

Sunday morning his shoulder ached and his nose was swollen and sore. Helga came for her father at nine o'clock. She had nothing to say to Ab, though she gave him some hard looks. She bullied Pete out of the house, and her last and only words to Ab were: "He'll be on the job Monday. See that you are."

Ab was a little uneasy about Olesen. But when he saw him next day, Olesen put his huge arms around him and called him good friend, and said he was a hell of a fine man. Olesen's cut lip made him lisp a bit.

"By golly," he cried gleefully, "I like feller like you. We have good time, you and me."

That's a Swede for you, Ab thought bitterly. Just plain crazy. Olesen and Helga, they make a good pair.

On Monday morning Pete was ready to go, brisk as ever. One thing about a Swede, Ab admitted—if a Swede couldn't work, you knew he was dead. His own bones and muscles were sore and stiff, but he soon sweated them limber, and he and Pete had a fair scattering of stumps behind them at noon.

Pete's lunch was in two paper bags. From one bag he took an apple pie and gave it to Ab. "She says that is for looking after me."

Ab ate three quarters of it and reluctantly admitted it was a wonderful pie.

"Helga is a good cook. Just like her mother," Pete said. "Too bad she has not got a man of her own to cook for. A good, tough man and six-seven kids. She is got too much time, with no one but me to look after."

"I guess you keep her busy."

"Not Helga. Too much time. She is too strong, too much life, just like her mother when I married her. Her mother was the best wife ever was—so loving, so gentle. Look, why don't you come to dinner at my house tonight?"

"I like my own cooking," Ab said with finality. "I'll stick to that—and peace and quiet."

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday . . . the days were alike without monotony. You felt good in the morning, because you were alive, you

No matter where you start to read,
the answer is the same



All the facts of life but one.*
Too bad Pat's Mother didn't tell her that one, too. It might have made her first party a wonder instead of a washout with all the boys giving her the "go by." We hope Pat is wise to herself by this time.



She'd rather lose her right eye than pass up those almost daily bridge parties with the gals. But that was just what was happening. Perhaps some of the gals should have told her; but, after all, the subject* is too delicate even for a bridge player.



"He certainly gave us the 'brush-off'." After trying for weeks to get in to the big boss, their meeting was far from satisfactory. Every time they'd lean over to explain a point the big boss would back away. Every minute they talked they affronted him, but they didn't know why.*

It put the frost on his furlough. HOLY JOE! How he'd counted on those wonderful ten days . . . those swell gals . . . those nifty places . . . the fun he would have. And here he was—the forgotten soldier getting the silent thumbs-down. All his own fault,* too. Better smarten up, Soldier!



Heaven won't protect the Working Girl. Gert's off for the week-end with the cream of Camp Grogan to pick from . . . so she thinks. She doesn't know it, but she's going to be the dame the doughboys duck. Gert's not very bright about some things.*

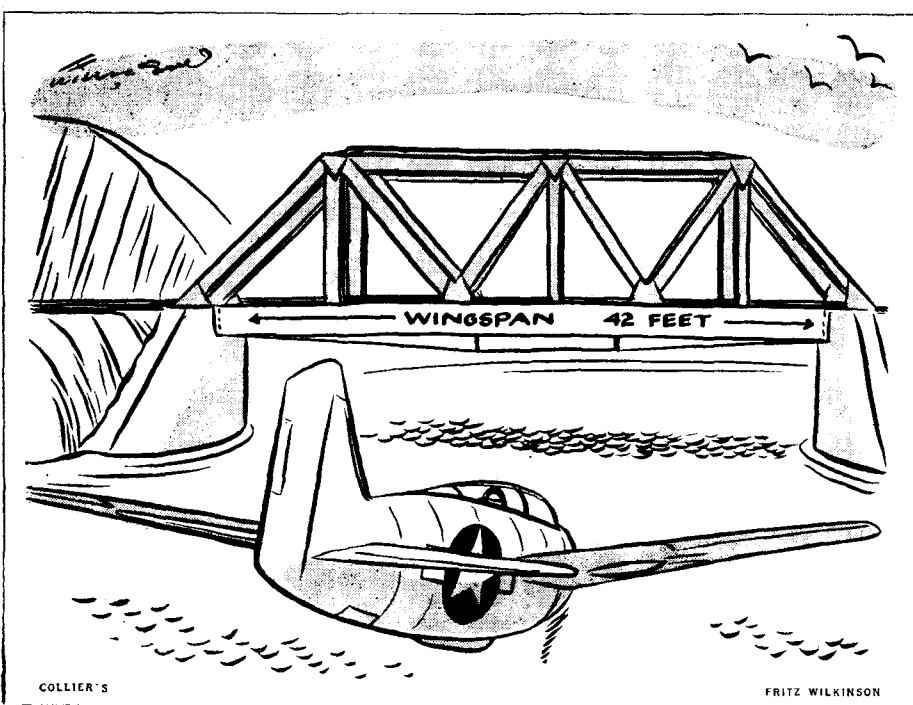


They had to be nice to him in the office, but outside, on his own, he got the "works." Baby has seen enough of him already—good for Baby!—and the big lug doesn't even suspect the reason.*

*This was their trouble: There's nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to put you in wrong. Don't make the silly mistake of taking your breath for granted; everyone can offend some time or other *without realizing it*. Rather than gamble, so many clever people, popular people, use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It is a delightful, simple precaution that makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Never, never omit it.

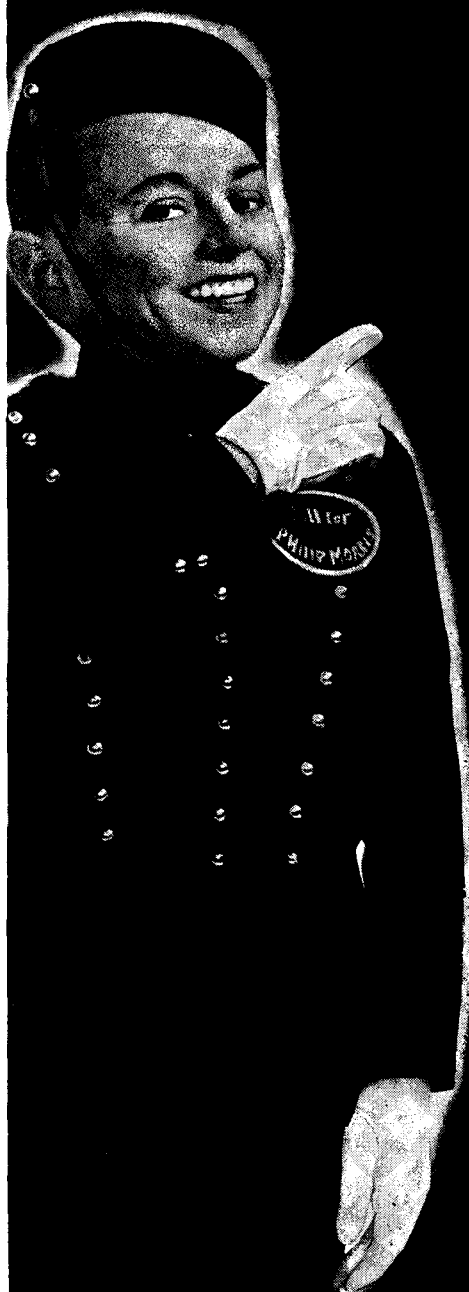
While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are of systemic origin, many noted medical authorities say the principal cause is the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation . . . quickly overcomes the odors it causes. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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were young and strong. Later the sun began to bake the turpentine out of the pine needles and when you took a drink of water it spurted out of the pores of your body, and the sweat loosened your muscles inside and out, like some magic oil, and you were triumphant and tireless. And at night you felt good, too, because you were tired—because you had a man's satisfaction in knowing you had done a good day's work. That was a clean, unregretful kind of satisfaction that filled your whole body; better than breaking a poker game, better than women.

Thursday evening Pete went on to his cabin as usual, but in half an hour he was knocking on Ab's door. "Helga is not home," he said, the tiny humor wrinkles around his eyes deepened into worry. "The neighbors say she went to the store about two o'clock. I think I better look for her."

"Probably gossiping at the store," Ab said. "Helga is not a gossip. And Mrs. Champion's boy says he was playing at the store until five, and he did not see Helga."

"She could kick him in the pants and he wouldn't see her. That kid is as dumb as his father."

"I think something has happened," Pete insisted. "I better go look for her."

"Nothing will happen to Helga. What could happen? She could give a panther the first two licks and beat him. As for a man who tried to touch her—God pity him!"

"I thought maybe you would help me find her," Pete said. "She cuts through the woods, because she does not use the car. She says all the exercise she gets is when she walks to the store. But it is a mile. I thought you would help me look before it was dark."

"Ah, quit worrying about Helga," Ab said. "There isn't a man or animal in this country she can't whip."

Pete turned away. "Well, I got to look. She always has supper waiting. Just like her mother. I got a feeling something is wrong."

"Oh, hell, all right," Ab said. "But, by the Lord, if she's just stopped to talk to somebody, I'll—well, I'll take it out on you, Pete."

AT THE edge of camp they separated. Cattle and deer and people had stamped out a dozen clear trails between the sawmill and the store. Pete took the highest trail, Ab the lowest and they planned to meet at the store and work back.

Ab had been reared in the timber, and he could track with any man. Before long he was following scattered, imperceptible signs that appeared to be recent. There were no clear imprints, and the marks might have been made by man or woman, deer or cow.

But tracking is at least half instinct and he went along confidently, his head bent, noting every slight indentation in the earth. He was startled when Helga spoke over his head.

"Hey, Mister Douglas!"

He looked up. She was perched in a small cedar about ten feet above the ground. Ab's jaw went slack.

"Well, of all the—What are you doing up there? Is it a bee tree?"

"Thank goodness, no," Helga said. "There was a bull. I've been up here for hours. The bull keeps hanging around and when I try to get down—Look out! Here he is!"

Ab looked over his shoulder. The bull crashed out of the undergrowth, head down. Ab knew the brute, a crossbreed Jersey belonging to old man Rivers—not much larger and almost as quick as a deer.

Ab went around the cedar and the bull rushed past, coming up sharply when he found he had missed his charge. He hunted Ab cannily, jabbing at him past the tree.

Helga shouted, "Jump! Jump up here, Ab. Oh, Ab, be careful!"

Ab was being as careful as he knew how to be. He could not run, or the bull would catch him. He had no time to climb the tree, and he did his best to keep it between him and the bull. He stumbled on a rock and Helga shrieked. The bull hooked at him and Ab instinctively caught his horns as he went down. The bull dragged him away, hooking vainly at the weight on his head.

Ab had seen cowboys at rodeos throw bulls and he twisted the bull's neck. He was looking along the animal's flank, and Helga came into his view. She had picked up a thick branch and she whaled at the bull's rump.

The branch broke and she continued to hammer away with the stump.

Ab yelled at her, "Helga! Get away! Get out of the way!" feeling his grip on the slick horns going. Then his left hand lost its hold and the bull jerked the other horn free, at once swinging back to gore him. He rolled away and had a flashing glimpse of Helga's legs as she leaped over him to smash at the bull's nose and face with her club, her braids loose and whipping around her shoulders.

The bull bellowed and backed off. Helga threw the club at him and he turned and high-tailed for the timber.

Ab was on his knees. Helga came back to him, panting. "Are you all right, Ab? Did he hurt you? Are you hurt, Ab?"

Ab got to his feet. He said severely, "Why didn't you stay in the tree? That bull might have killed you!"

"I couldn't, Ab. I thought he was going to gore you." She tried to wind the loose braids back in place. "I'm so glad you came, Ab. I was up there for hours. I'm scared to death of cows."

"You don't act like it," Ab said.

HE EXPECTED her eyes to shoot sparks as usual, but to his consternation they filled with tears. "I couldn't help it, Ab. I thought he was going to hurt you. But you could have handled him if I hadn't butted in, couldn't you, Ab?"

She suddenly looked over her shoulder and moved forward until she pressed against Ab's chest. "What was that? The bull?"

Ab closed his arms around her and said firmly, "Don't be scared. I'll look after you."

He looked down into her eyes. She had the bluest, deepest blue eyes in the world. It was like looking down into a bottomless mountain lake.

"You are so reckless," she said. "The way you grabbed that bull's horns! Oh, Ab, I was scared he would kill you. Like Olesen—I told you to mind your own business because I was afraid he would hurt you. He is so much bigger, Ab! But you beat him, like you beat the bull. Why did you fight him, Ab?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Ab said. He was going to explain that he had had a drink too many, and that Olesen had needed a going-over for a long time, and he was somewhat bewildered when he heard himself saying, "I'll tell you. I whipped him because he tried to kiss you."

"Oh, Ab!"

She looked up and he looked down and their faces came together like the magnet and the steel. His arms tightened around her, and he was amazed at the frailness of her body. No wonder she was afraid of cows!

Noise pulled their lips apart. Ab halfway hoped it was the bull or Olesen or some other menace he could smash for her, but it was only Pete, running toward them through the timber. He saw them and bellowed, "What was all the yelling?" He apparently noted their welded bodies for the first time and went on uneasily, "Helga, was it you? You all safe? Anybody been hurting you, Helga?"

Helga stepped away from Ab and began to wind her hair into place again. "I would not be safe, only for Ab. But it's all right now."

Pete turned peevish, reacting from his worry. "Well, what you been doing? It is almost dark and no dinner!"

Ab resented his tone. "Just a minute, Pete. Don't you holler at Helga. Helga has been up a tree all afternoon. She's all in. Should I carry you home, Helga?"

"I can walk," Helga said. "I am just a little shaky. Let me told on to your arm."

"Up a tree?" Pete cried. "Of all the crazy Swedes! Why in hell was she up a tree?"

Ab said angrily, "Look here, Pete, I won't have you swearing at Helga."

Helga squeezed his arm. "Never mind, Ab. He is just hungry, and it makes him cranky. And you must be starved, too. But by the time you and Dad get washed, I'll have some kind of a meal ready."

Ab patted her hand. "Swell! I sure get tired of my own cooking."

They started off arm in arm. Pete hung back. "Jumping Jimminy, what you know about that?" he asked the cedar tree. He shrugged and added, "Just like her mother!"

THE END

Blacksmiths by the millions!

*"And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar . . ."*

CHILDREN dropping into General Motors nowadays would see both flaming forges and roaring bellows — lots of them.

But they would see, in addition, millions of little, mechanical blacksmiths doing a strange and fascinating job.

We call it "shot-blasting," and it consists of shooting little steel balls by compressed air at steel surfaces. Every time a little ball hits, it puts the surface under compression. It hardens, strengthens, and the breaking point moves up.

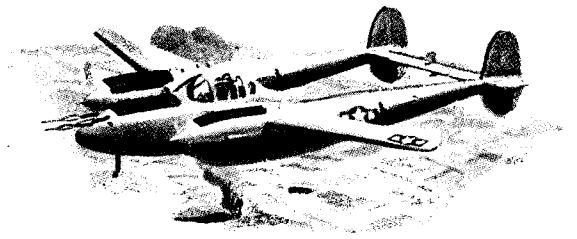
Up to wartime, shot-blasting was one of the many techniques General Motors engineers

adopted and developed to make more and better things for more people. Your own car benefited from it.

But suddenly the sky began to fill with rolling, leaping, stunting planes — training for combat. And the straining connecting rods and other vital parts in those planes needed special treatment to keep surface cracks from opening.

Shot-blasting moved in on the job. And those millions of little blacksmiths beat and hardened the surfaces of those parts until they were the toughest ever known.

This very day, pilots diving our cannon-bearing planes on enemy tanks ride safer because of this peacetime technique. And that white-starred streak you see in the sky — twisting, rolling, climbing — flies on shafts able



to resist the great strains and stresses set up in action.

America's industrial records are filled with many such highly developed techniques because, in our land, men receive just rewards for their enterprise.

This idea of just rewards helped make our country so good to live in. It has clearly demonstrated its value in war. And it holds the certain promise of more and better things for more people in the fruitful years ahead.

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PM *for Pleasant* Moments

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK. 86.8 PROOF. A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES.

only a few days away now—I might get a piece of chocolate? Just one, Monsieur?"

She rose, again paid her respects to the Virgin, again paid her respects to Jesus, tiptoed down the aisle, made a last obeisance in the general direction of *le bon Dieu*, slipped out, and hastened back along the main street toward her home near the end of it.

"Ah, Fauvette, here you are!" her mother cried as she came in. "Hurry and help us."

The trapdoor to the cellar was wide open, a stick was holding it wide open, and down into the cellar Fauvette's mother and her grandfather were carrying mattresses and pillows and blankets and chairs and clothes and food and a lamp. "We are going to live in the cellar a while," Fauvette's mother said. "If you want something of your own particularly, you had better take it down now."

So, imitating the gestures of her elders, Fauvette took down into the dark damp place her own small chair and Sophie, her flat-nosed little doll. But she was much concerned. I must not miss reminding *le bon Dieu* even for one day, she thought. I certainly do not wish Him to forget. This cellar business was alarming. "How many days are we going to live in the cellar, Grandpère?" she asked.

"Maybe one night, maybe a month," he said. He looked excited but not at all unhappy, and went on working with an energy he had not shown since Fauvette could remember.

When all was finally done, "Let's go outside for a little while," he said.

They stood on the street, in front of their door. "Listen," said Grandpère. "Just listen."

And, listening, Fauvette heard a noise of which she had not been aware. A low, great growling far off, as of a big thunderstorm.

"It's to the north," said Grandpère. "Our friends are over there—the Americans and the English. They are slowly coming nearer. There is going to be a big battle. Maybe it will sweep by to our left, maybe it will sweep by to our right, maybe right over us. I wish I were younger."

They descended into the cellar again. Grandfather listened a long moment on the steps with the trapdoor on his head, and

Birthday

Continued from page 13

Fauvette thought that the thunder sounded louder. Then he went on down the steps, and the trapdoor closed tight behind him.

When Fauvette awoke the next morning, the storm that had thundered in the distance the night before was now right atop the house. The cellar trembled under the big noise. After a while her grandfather slipped out, then slipped quickly back. She was glad when he closed the trapdoor again.

"Well, we are right in the middle of it," he said, as if quite satisfied.

FOR three days, they remained in the cellar under the great noise, and Fauvette was almost crazy as the days passed and she could not get to the church. Every morning, Grandfather lifted the trapdoor, slid out and was gone for a while. He would come back with news. "Their artillery is to the south now, ours still to the north. Their shells and ours are passing right over us."

Fauvette was hardly listening; she was just about crazy over her own secret worry. Every afternoon, at what she guessed was Angelus time, though their old clock had run down and the church bell no longer rang, she would say, "Petite Mère, Grandpère, could I go out for just a little while?" and back from them like one bomb would come the answer: "Are you crazy, Fauvette? Have you lost your senses? No!"

Crazy indeed did she feel, with the days passing like that, and her birthday now only two days away. "If I cannot talk to Him at least once more," she kept thinking, "He will forget. It is so easy to forget! Especially when it is just over a little girl like me!"

But next morning she awoke to a stupefying silence. The cellar no longer trembled. Above, was a great stillness.

Grandfather climbed up the steps, raised the trap with his head, slipped out and let the trap down behind him. He was gone long this time. Then the trap rose again, and he came down the steps. His eyes were

shining. "Well, you lazy ones," he roared, "what are you doing here in this dark cellar? It is finished. The Boche is gone. Out with you, and let's get some fresh air!"

They climbed up, all three, and stepped out into the street. "Stay close to the wall," Grandfather said, "and be ready to run back to the cellar."

They stood tight up against the wall, and Fauvette looked down the main street. What a queer street! Her eyes, going down the street, would come to a big hole, and then to another, where a house had been before. And, "Oh—oh—oh," she cried. "The church! There is a big hole in the steeple!"

They stood close together against the house, breathing the clean air and the marvelous quiet. "Stay close to the wall," Grandfather kept saying.

But Fauvette's mother began to fidget. "Maybe I could do a little washing while things are like this," she said. "Things get dirty so quick down in that cellar."

"Me," Grandfather said, "I'm going up in the attic. It does seem to me that some of our roof slates have been disarranged by all this fracas."

"Fauvette!" they both cried together as they vanished. "Stay right here by the door and do not stir!"

But Fauvette was already stirring. In fact, she was rushing—rushing down the street fast, toward the church. If I can only speak to Him now, she thought, He may still have time to make all the necessary arrangements!

She was going so fast that it was with great difficulty she stopped herself just as she was about to bump into a strange creature who was coming up the street, close to the wall.

"Pardon," she said, and then fright took hold of her because he was so queer. He was all green and sort of crackly, like a big lizard; on top of his head were green twigs and also some flowers; the top of his head was like a pot of geraniums!

"Hello, *petite fille*," he said, and Fauvette thought his speech was very strange. "*Eh bien, petite fille* . . ."

Then she saw something about him that softened her fear. The eyes lurking under the flowerpot were blue. They twinkled. They were like the eyes of *le bon Dieu*.

"*Petite fille*," he said again in his queer speech, "are there any Boches in your village?"

She thought a long time, then remembered. "My grandpère says they are all gone."

"Sure?"

"That is what my grandpère says. He knows, my grandpère."

HE RAISED his right arm up high. Then she saw that all the way down the street, on both sides, were two thin lines of others just like him, plastered so tight against the walls that they looked like pictures painted there. They detached themselves from the walls and started up slowly in two long lines close to the walls. They all had guns. She saw that her own man had a gun, too. He gave it a slap, and it rang, and he started up the street once more.

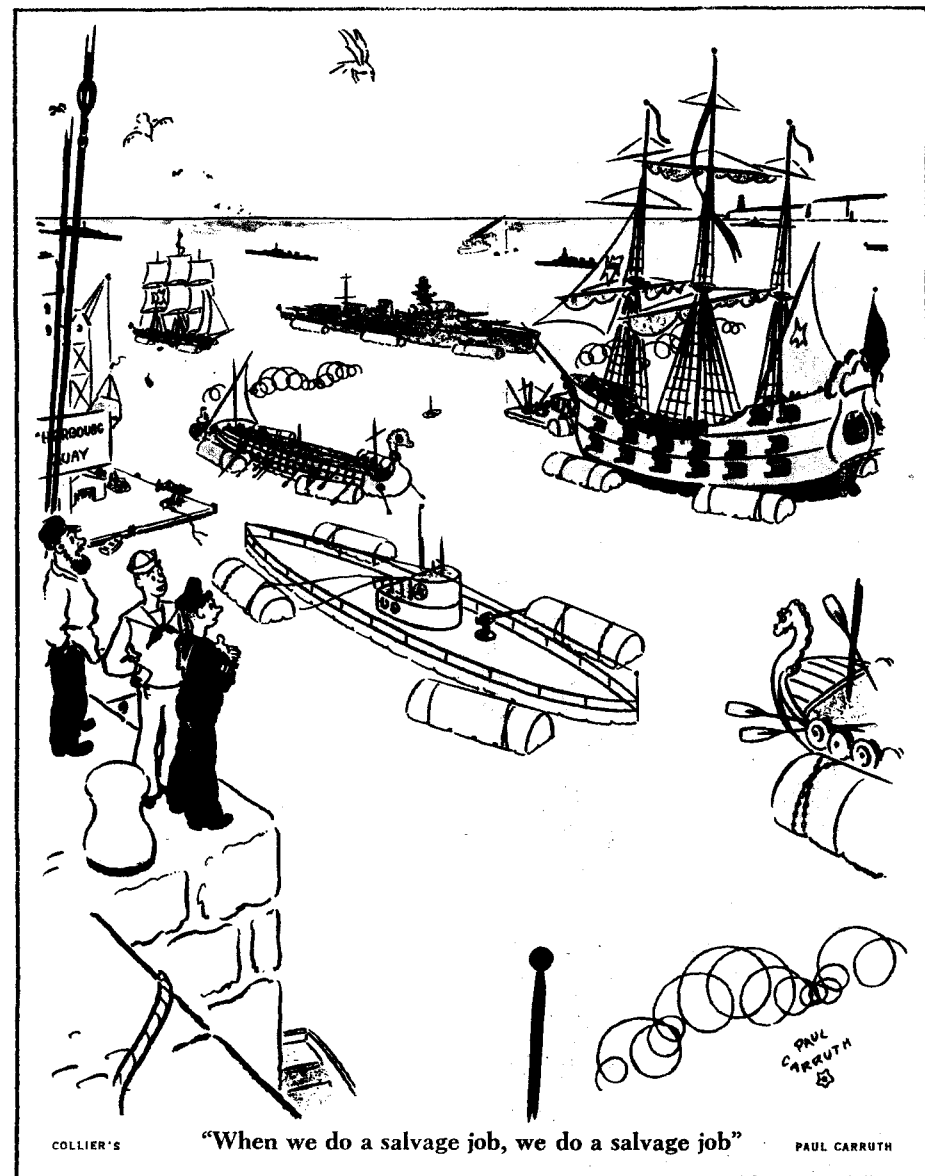
"You had better go back to your house now, little girl," he said. "Goodby, little girl." But he stopped. "Here," he said. He was fumbling in his musette. He pulled out of it a little oblong object (not so little, but of respectable size) and laid it in Fauvette's hand, which automatically had opened to receive it. "*Voilà!*" he said. "*Au revoir, petite fille*," and resumed his way.

Fauvette was running again now—not toward her house, as he had suggested, but fast toward the church. She was not looking at the oblong object that was in her hand. She knew with certainty exactly what it was.

Her wooden shoes clattered loud as she rushed up the aisle; she swooped to the little chair that was under the *bon Dieu*, and went to her knees. "Oh, Monsieur *le bon Dieu*," she whispered vehemently, "thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"But, Monsieur *le bon Dieu*," she went on after a moment, "you do not think that you really fooled me, do you? I knew it was you all the time! Can you guess how I knew? Because of your blue eyes, Monsieur *le bon Dieu*! With the twinkle in them. Oh, *merci bien!*"

THE END



"When we do a salvage job, we do a salvage job"

PAUL CARRUTH

I'm Not a
sour-puss



My feet are
TIRED



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Model 2234-5
One of Forty
Styles

Massagic Air Cushion
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Why let weary feet ruffle your temper, when it's so easy to change to Massagic Shoes? Relax — enjoy the buoyant, resilient air cushion that pillows every step, and the exclusive Arch Lift that provides needed support. For extra hours of foot comfort — see your Massagic dealer, or write us for his name.

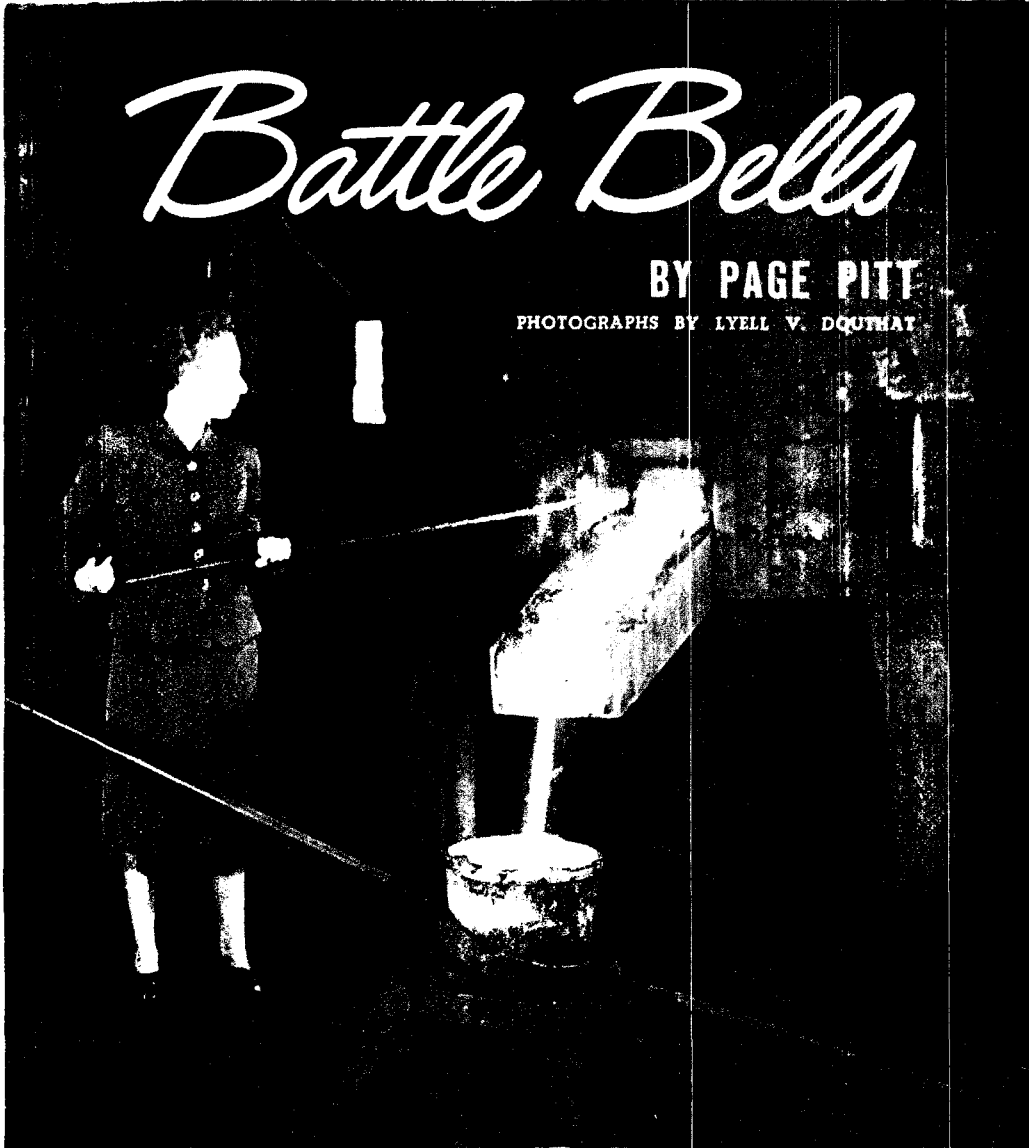
WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. COMPANY
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WEYENBERG
Massagic
AIR CUSHIONED SHOES

Battle Bells

BY PAGE PITT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYELL V. DOUTHAT



Virginia Bell, head of the C. S. Bell Co., has worked on every job in the foundry. She began as a little girl helping her grandfather and still tries her hand at bell-making



Before bells are packed off to war they are inspected and blessed by Rev. Ignatius Lee

Eighty-odd years ago a lucky accident started this Hillsboro, Ohio, foundry in the bell business. Today, because of a secret formula, their bells are on all our fighting ships

A GIRL with an idea, a secret formula and an old iron bell sold the United States Navy a bill of goods in 1942 which she is still delivering and which the Navy is now ringing around the world.

Virginia Bell, executive director of the C. S. Bell Foundry of Hillsboro, Ohio, not only makes bells for battleships, cruisers, flat-tops, landing craft and all other classes of United States fighting ships, but she and her associates are now making bells for Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine and Lend-Lease commitments.

After Pearl Harbor, when copper and tin really went to war, Virginia Bell went to work on an idea that has brought the sound of Ohio-made bells to every deep waterway of the world.

It all started with an emergency order from Washington limiting the use of bronze and brass to actual combat essentials. This set her to musing: Something will have to be done. Ships are being built by the thousands. Ships need bells, and Navy bells are bronze.

Virginia Bell called a meeting of key men in the company that her grandfather, C. S. Bell, had founded in 1861. There was Jerry Wolfe, her production manager; brother Charles, the auditor; Bill Hall, now her "tone engineer"; Clarence Riggs, cupola tender; and a few molders, machinists and finishers.

They all knew the story of how old C. S. Bell, who first started the plant casting grain-grinding mills for farms, had accidentally dropped a piece of metal that rang with such resonant tone that he got the idea of making bells for churches, schools and farms. If bells could be made of iron, they could be sold for a fraction of the cost of a brass or bronze bell.

He tried—with just a few for local use—and when he died in 1899, his company was shipping bells all over the civilized world.

Virginia Bell announced her intention to make bells for battleships and "other combat

craft." Jerry Wolfe was dispatched to Washington to bring the Navy around to her way of thinking.

After the usual run-around, at last the production manager collared an admiral, with aides, and came to the point at once: "We have been making bells for eighty years, and we don't use copper, tin or zinc. We use a secret formula which we call 'steel alloy,' and we've cast well over one million bells in our Hillsboro plant."

His audience was unmistakably interested. What about the durability of these bells? The inquisition was on.

Finally the admiral asked, "Can you cast bells to tone? You know we specify the tone required for each class of bell. Can you cast a large volume of bells of different sizes, each size with a specified tone?"

The production manager had never tried it, but he believed it could be done. "Admiral, we can cast bells—to tone, size, weight and shape. We are ready for your specifications on a trial order."

Since that day, the Bell foundry has cast more than 26,000 bells—for the Navy; for civilian defense; for the Maritime Commission and Lend-Lease.

Sizes vary from 6-inch baby bells designed for all types of landing craft to 36-inch, 400-pound battleship watch bells.

Bill Hall is the tone tester. "It's simple but exacting work," he says. "I used to be the percussion man in an orchestra. Naturally I'm tone-conscious, but I use a set of orchestra bells to verify my ears."

"Hatching a Kettle"

Making bells requires precision casting. Everything has to be just right, and even then they sometimes "hatch a kettle."

"A kettle," Hall explains, "is a nonringer. It has a harsh, metallic clang, but it will not ring. There is no tone, or sound vibrations, when it is struck. We have never been able to discover what causes a 'kettle.' It looks just like all other bells, it is made from the same metal, receives exactly the same treatment, yet—and when we least expect it—out comes a dud."

Less than one per cent of the bells now cast in the foundry turn out to be "kettles."

Steel-alloy bells have a strong, full ring, and although their tones are not quite as soft and musical as bronze bells, they are made of sturdier stuff; the sound will carry farther, and in heavy weather conditions, such as fog and snow, it will penetrate deeper.

The formula for the metal is the firm's most closely guarded secret and its ingredients are known only to Miss Bell herself and to Old Clarence, the colored cupola tender who has been with the company almost as long as anybody in Hillsboro remembers. Whenever there is to be a melting, it is Old Clarence who loads the cupola. He stands on his platform at the upper opening of the cupola; coke, pig iron and other ingredients are delivered to him by elevator. He shovels in the coke without assistance and loads the metal by hand. It started as a one-man job 83 years ago, and despite the present assembly-line methods of the foundry, this phase of the operation is still just a one-man job.

When ready, the metal is drawn off by a spout at the bottom. This molten metal is poured into ladles which—by hand or electric crane, according to size—are carried to the molds.

Molds are made in sand which is shaped and packed around models built of wood. After casting, each bell is tested for tone, then put through several finishing processes, and finally ends up in the paint shop.

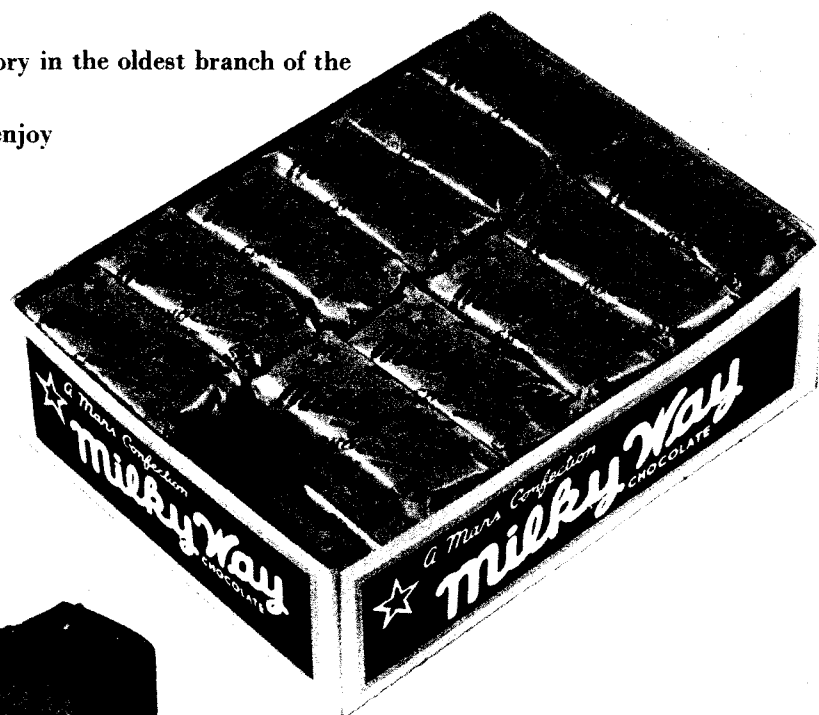
Virginia Bell is particularly well equipped to carry on her family's concern. She has been a student of bells for most of her life, and has an extensive library on the legends, casting, ringing, history and uses of bells. She has retained the firm's traditions, methods and policies, with one exception: At his death, her grandfather was known as an agnostic. Today the Reverend Ignatius F. Lee, a Hillsboro Presbyterian circuit rider and former American Legion state chaplain, spends his spare time inspecting the bells and blessing them when they are packed and ready to go into battle. ★★★

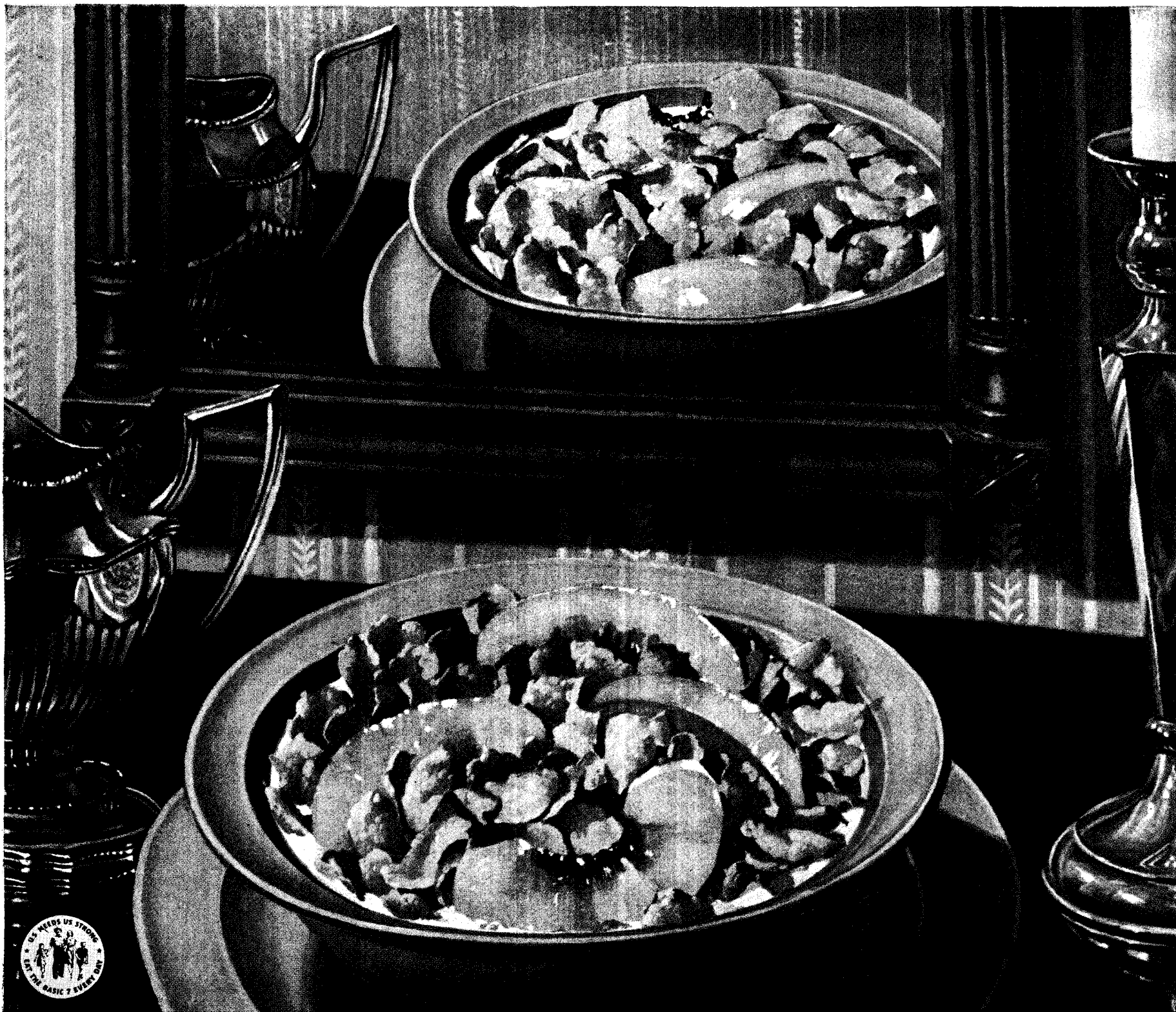




MAKING GOOD WITH THE MARINES

Women, too, now serve with glory in the oldest branch of the
 armed services . . . the Marines. And like the men, they enjoy
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 off-duty hours. Pure milk chocolate coating . . . layer of smooth,
 cream caramel . . . center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored
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 taste found only in a Milky Way. When you
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WHEN you buy a product for one purpose, it's always a pleasure to learn that it has another, too.

A lot of people, for example, buy Kellogg's Corn Flakes because these crisp, golden flakes are just about tops in taste-appeal — wonderful in cool milk, with fresh fruit sliced temptingly over them.

But what astonishes so many is to learn

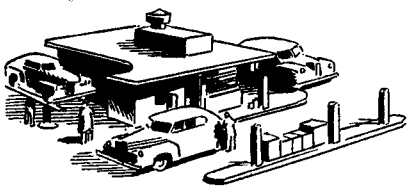
how downright important Kellogg's Corn Flakes are as *food*. Through the ingenuity of the folks at Battle Creek, every tender flake is made the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

That's the story. And now that you know it, why not have this delightful, nourishing cereal often?

"The Grains are Great Foods" — W.K. Kellogg

51

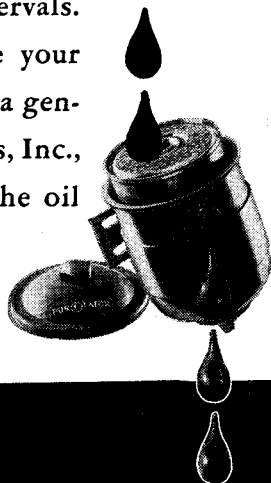
PUROLATOR



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PUROLATOR

mother," Mrs. Cugat finished tersely. Adding with feeling, "Thank heaven for mine!"

Her mother was standing in the doorway when they arrived and Mrs. Cugat knew she had never been so glad to see anyone in her life. She fell upon her with a grateful hug; Mr. Cugat bent to kiss her hair.

"Don't overdo it, dears," Mrs. Elliot murmured, adding gently, "I fixed a little something for you, George—it's in the pantry," and stepped toward her unknown guests with outstretched hands. "Do you know, Colonel," she said aloud, with a charming smile, "ever since Mary Elizabeth told me you were coming, I've been wondering how you spell your name—"

"A-s-k—Ask," said the Colonel shortly.

"The reason I was wondering," said Mrs. Cugat's mother, without so much as turning a hair and linking her arm cozily in that of Mrs. A-s-k—Ask, "is that I once knew some Army people who spelled it with—two k's. A-s-k-k. Very odd. I think they must have been Swedish or something. They were charming, though," she added, "from—Georgia."

"Why, we're from Georgia," said the colonel's mother.

"Yo' ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat's mother delightedly. "Ah wuz bo'n in 'tlanuh!"

"Honey chile! Yew mus' know tha Ca'in'tons!"

"Of co'se!"

A SMALL world! Everybody joined in exclamations of incredulity—some of them very real. For a Cleveland girl, Mrs. Cugat reflected, her mother got around.

They proceeded into the sunny, flower-filled living room to be followed almost immediately by Patrick, bearing a tray of Daiquiris. "They don't drink," chanted Mrs. Cugat under her breath.

"A li'l sherbet, Miz Ask?" said her mother, promptly taking a cocktail from the tray and pressing it upon that lady firmly.

Miz Ask accepted it graciously, sipped, smiled and drank deeper. "Delicious!" she pronounced, and the colonel reached abruptly for a second.

"Mah gran'muthuh's recipe," said Mrs. Cugat's mother, without a scruple. "Naow, do tell me, Miz Ask, all 'bout you-all!"

Miz Ask began to vouchsafe enlightening information; Mrs. Cugat began to relax a little; the colonel began to stare, spaniel-like, at Mrs. Cugat's mother. Mr. Cugat returned from the pantry, looking a new man, and began to stare, spaniel-like at her mother too. Luncheon was announced. It proved ample, delicious and, by the time coffee was served, preposterously Southern. The party broke up, however, quite soon after it was over, due to a drowsy spell which unaccountably attacked Miz Ask.

"Really," said Mrs. Cugat, on their way home, "you've got to admit that, in her way, Mother's remarkable."

"She's wonderful," said Mr. Cugat simply; "we don't see enough of her. You know," he went on after a moment, "she must get very lonely all by herself in that big house—"

"Well, she's always traveled a lot, you know—and been busy with the greenhouse—but, of course, that's all out now." Mr. Cugat looked thoughtful. "If only she'd see more of your Aunt Edith and get wrapped up in that club of hers—"

"My Aunt Edith is an unmitigated bore," said Mr. Cugat surprisingly.

Privately, Mrs. Cugat had always thought so. It really was utterly ridiculous, she realized, suddenly honest, to imagine Aunt Edith and her mother wrapped up in anything together. "I ought to see more of Mother, myself," she said, contrite. "It's probably loneliness that makes her restless. Maybe she'd like to go to those concerts with me—"

"Maybe she would!" said Mr. Cugat enthusiastically, adding, pleased, "Then I wouldn't have to, would I?"

MRS. CUGAT, a concert in mind, called her mother the following Tuesday morning. "Oh, darlin'," her mother exclaimed regretfully, "Ah'm so sorry, but Ah'm goin' out ag'in wif yo' cuh'nel!"

"Again?"

"Dancin'," her mother elucidated.

"Does he dance?" stammered Mrs. Cugat stupidly.

"Jus' divine! Ah think he's had lessons."

"But how?"

"Wha, Ah had dinnuh wif 'im on Monday—di'n Ah tell you-all? We discovuhed a new place called Sambo's. They have real, 'onest-tuh-goo'ness mint juleps!"

"What about Miz Ask?" inquired Mrs. Cugat dazedly.

"Gone back to 'tlanuh," her mother replied lightheartedly, adding in a more natural tone, "thank heaven!"

Astounded, Mrs. Cugat related all this to Mr. Cugat who appeared equally taken aback. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said, amused.

Honest-to-goodness mint juleps, however, being nothing to pass up these days, a night or two later found them at Sambo's Bar themselves—a cozy spot, very deep South even to colored mammies and paper magnolia. The food, however, appeared to be strictly Kosher.

"Hello!" said Mr. Cugat, looking out across the room, over his herring. "If there aren't Scarlett O'Hara and the colonel again!"

"He's not still in town?" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat, craning her neck. "He's certainly taking his time about looking that plant over!"

"The Aetna people think so," said Mr. Cugat. "Charlie Erskin's fit to be tied, they say. He's got a deal on to sell out to somebody, providing they can land this Army contract, but the colonel's stalling around so, the buyer's going to back out."

"He's looking positively drooly at Mother!" put in Mrs. Cugat, not taking her eyes off her parent.

"I know," said Mr. Cugat. "Old Ask's got a hell of a reputation as a ladies' man." Then he asked after a sudden pause, "You don't think your mother could be falling for him, do you?"

"At her age?" protested Mrs. Cugat.

"How old is she?" he asked curiously.

"She must be forty-nine!"

Mr. Cugat was silent for a moment. "That's only ten years older than I am," he said in an odd tone. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine," she said abstractedly, still looking.

Across the room, her mother rose to let her gallant hold her coat. It was abloom with orchids.

"You know," said Mr. Cugat, watching his mother-in-law walk out between the tables, followed by her obviously adoring escort, "I never noticed her before—"

"You don't think the colonel could be really serious, do you?" Mrs. Cugat asked anxiously, following them with her eyes. Her mother *did* have a cute figure.

"I'd hate to think so," he said thoughtfully; "that old boy's had three wives—"

"Darling!"

The colonel caught sight of them and waved.

"H'lo, you-all!" called his lady unconcernedly.

"Golly Ned!" whispered Mrs. Cugat.

HER next few days were depressingly overcast. Every time she thought of the colonel, she grew rigid with dislike. The possibility that one day she might have to accept him as a stepfather appalled her. That booming voice! The jaunty angle to his cap! The way he slapped his thigh. She suspected that he waxed his mustache and, rather unjustly, that he wore a girdle. And his name was Willard. She loathed the name of Willard! Then, one morning, a long box of roses arrived with, really, quite a charming little note from him. She put them, unopened, in the icebox and tore the card to bits.

"He's still here!" she announced grimly to Mr. Cugat that evening.

"I know," he replied soberly, "and your mother had him with the Atterburys for dinner last night."

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed, appalled. "Do you think she's showing him to the Atterburys?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Cugat, who was having the colonel looked up.

"What shall we do?"

Mr. Cugat patted her hand. "Keep calm," he said.

Mrs. Cugat decided that someone would have to talk to her mother. But who? Every time she thought of doing it herself, she grew



Morale is spelled

M-A-I-L

Ask an Army doctor . . . an
Army Chaplain. They'll tell you
that nothing makes a soldier more
heartsick and homesick than the
letter that doesn't come. A good
letter is like an arm around the
shoulder . . . a ten-minute
furlough at home. A serviceman
lives for letters . . . reads and
re-reads them till they're blurred
and grimy. Even a day's delay
in mail can make him sick with
longing . . . desperate with fear
and worry. Write that letter
now. Write it V-mail so it *can't*
get lost . . . *can't* be late. Write
regularly . . . write *cheerfully*.

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. . . subtle tailoring . . . sensible design?

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Hart Schaffner & Marx the best-known
clothing name in the world.



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

The Trumpeter Label . . . a small thing to look for . . . a big thing to find



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FREEZING WATER may shatter the cylinder head, engine block, radiator and other engine parts of your car. In ordinary times these parts can be replaced, although expensively. But today, it's a lucky car owner who can get necessary replacements.

W.P.B. order. The War Production Board has tried to protect every automobile, truck, bus and tractor in the country by making available enough anti-freeze to meet all real needs.

Closed nights. This year you may not be able to rush to your service station the last minute

before a freeze to have your car protected. Most service stations are closed nights. So have your anti-freeze installed at the first opportunity.

Explosives. Explosives, plastics, and synthetic rubber are made from the same war-critical materials as anti-freeze. The anti-freeze you save or don't waste today means just that much more material for vital war needs. One good way to save anti-freeze and keep your car in good operating order longer is to have your cooling system checked over. Your dealer who handles Du Pont anti-freeze can do this.

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SEND NO MONEY... IT'S FREE! Du Pont offers an illustrated, easy-to-read booklet—"Take Care of Your Cooling System." Tells you how to prevent rust and corrosion... how to run your car more economically. Send a penny postal card today to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), 2496C Nemours Bldg., Wilmington 98, Delaware.



INSTALL NO ANTI-FREEZE...
until you've had the cooling system carefully checked

1. **HAVE THE RADIATOR** cleaned of clogging rust, scale and dirt.
2. **HOSE CONNECTIONS** should be checked for leaks and rotted spots.
3. **WATER PUMP** should be tight to prevent leakage and air suction.
4. **CYLINDER BOLTS** must be tight to prevent leakage.
5. **HEATER FEED LINES** should drain without high-points to trap air.
6. **HAVE FAN BELT EXAMINED.** Make sure it isn't worn out or slipping.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



"ZERONE" is made from methanol. Gives maximum cooling system protection at low cost. Odorless. Anti-acid. Anti-rust. \$1.00 a gallon at your dealer's.

"ZEREX" is non-evaporating. One shot lasts all winter! Money can't buy better anti-freeze. Anti-acid. Anti-rust. Can't form sludge. Limited supply. \$2.65 a gallon.

WAR EMERGENCY "ZERONE" is made with an ethanol base. Requires only an occasional check-up for winter-long driving. Anti-rust. \$1.40 a gallon.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

hot with embarrassment. Several days passed in an agony of vacillation and then, "Hello!" her mother caroled from the front hall, making another of her early-morning calls. "Are you coming down?"

"Right away," said Mrs. Cugat, steeling herself. This was it. What on earth could one say?

Her mother was carrying an armful of hot-house daffodils and white stock, had on pale gray flannel under her mink coat, and looked like Mary Martin. No wonder she'd caught herself a beau! Had she always looked so young? Mrs. Cugat didn't know; she'd never noticed.

"Aren't these nice?" her mother said. "I surely love early spring flowers. Do you want me to fix them? A deep glass bowl, I think," she said to Anna, the maid, giving the flowers to Mrs. Cugat and obligingly taking off her gloves. Anna sped joyously to do her bidding.

"Mother," Mrs. Cugat blurted, "what about the colonel?"

"Colonel? . . . Oh, thank you, Anna. Let me see, let's put it here on this paper."

"Colonel Ask."

"Oh, that colonel." Her mother took the flowers from her again and, kneeling down on the floor, spread them out on a newspaper. "He's gone back to Washington; Mr. Stettinius sent for him. The Bolivians were waiting."

"Bolivians?"

"Yes. There seems to be some plant here that makes a little thing that just fits their planes. We're being nice to South Americans now, you know, so Mr. Stettinius sent Colonel Ask out here to look into it for them—he knows about such things. He took quite a while about it—only because he wanted to make quite sure it was right. But you know South Americans—hotheaded."

"When," said Mrs. Cugat, expelling a long sigh, "did he leave?"

"Last night," said her mother brightly. "These are going to be rather sweet in this blue bowl—"

"Well, let's hope he stays there!"

Her mother went on poking the long, thick stems deftly into the bowl, but she began humming a little tune.

"He isn't coming back, is he?" Mrs. Cugat asked in sudden alarm.

"Not that I know of, dear," said her mother and added, with a sidelong glance, "I won't be here, in any case—"

"Where are you going?"

"Florida."

"But I thought George decided—"

"George has evidently changed his mind," said her mother, standing up to view her handiwork. "I'm leaving next week and I'm so pleased. He sent my tickets and reservations over only this morning with a sweet note. I have it here somewhere," she went on, dipping into her bag. "Here. George is a darling! And do you know, he's stopped calling me 'Mrs. Elliot!'"

Mrs. Cugat took the note and read it. "Honey chile," it said, "Skedaddle!"

THE END

Microbe Killer

Continued from page 24

It looks as if the chemicals which will accomplish this magic have just about been achieved. Work leading to them was done by two groups: Leo Rampell, a Belgian-born chemist, and his son Guy; and by a staff of research men in the laboratory of the Galloway Chemical Corporation.

To a large extent, the job was one of elimination. Whole sets of compounds had to be investigated; zinc and arsenic compounds, the phenolics and others. Each chemical tested had to be measured against a rigid set of criteria. Would it wash out of cloth? To answer this, cloth was dipped in the chemical being studied. After drying, it got repeated washings. If it passed this step, it had to be tested for stability to light and air. Next came toxicity tests. If small amounts of the chemical were rapidly fatal to mice or guinea pigs—when given by mouth or needle—it was laid aside.

The most important test of all concerned the chemical's ability to kill bacteria. Determining this is intricate and tedious business. First, a piece of cloth is soaked in the chemical under test. Then a minute bit of cloth, the size of a thumbnail, is snipped off and dropped into a shallow dish of agar, a favorite bacteria fodder.

The dish is then seeded with bacteria—possibly the one which causes typhoid fever, maybe the staphylococcus which infects wounds and causes boils and carbuncles. The dish is placed in an incubator, and in this dark, warm environment, bacteria multiply at a staggering rate. After twenty-four hours, the plate teems with so many billion microbes that the clear, jellylike agar has become milky with them. To be any good, the chemical in the cloth must ward off this invasion. Around the fragment of cloth, there must be a "zone of inhibition"—a clear ring where no microbes grow.

Testing for Skin Allergy

Once over this hurdle, each chemical had to be patch-tested to see whether it causes skin eruptions. In this test, a piece of cloth is soaked in the chemical, then strapped to the arm with adhesive tape and worn for a week or so. If the skin is of normal appearance when the patch is removed, there is no danger.

After weeks and months, the researchers struck pay dirt in the organic mercurials—chemicals derived from mercury. These compounds have many of the properties of a dye. They are nonirritating, colorless, odorless. As microbe killers, they are fifteen times as potent as carbolic acid.

Textiles impregnated with them fought off any and all bacteria comers—leaving a band of clear fluid in the agar dishes, a no-man's land which no microbe could cross. Woolens treated with them withstood twenty dry cleanings without losing their ability to kill bacteria and fungi. The chemicals were less able to stand the harsh treatment given in the

CITY SOBRIQUETS

Most large cities have sobriquets that describe outstanding characteristics for which they are noted. Refresh your memory by seeing how many of the dozen in the list below you can correctly place. Answers on page 77.

1. Athens of America
2. City of Brotherly Love
3. Empire City
4. Smoky City
5. Porkopolis
6. Insurance City
7. Railroad City
8. Gibraltar of America
9. Rose City
10. Queen City of the Lakes
11. Forest City
12. Crescent City

—Bertram Robinson

average laundry. To get around this, the chemical was added to the rinse or bluing waters.

Thirty-six diaper companies are using this procedure. In a commercial laundry it would cost only a minute fraction of a cent to thus treat a man's shirt or a woman's dress.

By now, scores of everyday products have been treated with the organic mercurials and tested for microbe-killing ability. In one striking series of experiments, toothbrush bristles underwent 700 washings—and still kept the power to destroy bacteria.

These new chemicals open up many startling prospects—in the preserving field, for example. Many commercial products—glue, paste, gum arabic—undergo severe attack by bacteria and fungi. The mercurials might be used to fight off these microbe invasions.

One manufacturer of leg make-up found that bacteria were at work on the case in his product. Bottles were exploding on drug-store shelves. He added a minute amount of the mercurial, and damage stopped.

Rampell has done a lot of home experimenting which indicates some interesting possibilities. He covered one orange with his product, left a second one without it. Six weeks later, the unprotected orange was a mass of pulpy rot. The second orange had lost moisture and was shriveled, but was still edible.

In another experiment, Rampell was his own guinea pig. He knew that it was difficult for hospitals to keep bandages sterile. He wanted to test a standard home bandage

—which is rarely ever sterile. Taking a clean razor blade he made identical incisions in both arms. He dressed the right arm with a packaged bandage; the left arm in a dirty handkerchief, which had been treated with his organic mercurial.

The one wrapped with the handkerchief healed quickly and cleanly. The other took much longer, and the wound was accompanied by some slight infection.

Rampell dipped half a shirt—the right side—in his chemical. Long after the left side of the shirt was worn and threadbare in spots, the right side was still good. The chemical had kept down the bacteria which attack perspiration, with consequent destruction of fabric.

Widespread Microbe Menace

No one who has seen a flu epidemic ravage a community, or has watched a measles epidemic sweep through a school, will doubt that floating microbes cause enormous damage. They slip into the lungs to cause tuberculosis and pneumonia; into wounds to cause infection; into the digestive tract to cause a host of ailments.

If these substances fulfill their early promise, they have a dazzling field of possibilities awaiting them. In the home they will give us a new chemical screen against disease. They can be used to treat horsehair in mattresses and feathers in pillows. They may be added to water in the washing machine, to dishwater, or to the scrub pail.

They may be expected to perform at least as well as the oil film did in the Army's experiments. If they did no more than this, they would reduce the colds, flu and pneumonia in the average family by a third.

A drop in a number of these ailments should be expected if offices, theaters, schools and restaurants are given this protection. The fear of theaters during flu epidemics might be minimized. Measles may not close schools tomorrow as they do today. These new chemicals could give us all additional protection if they were used in the bedding in sleeping cars and hotels, and in the upholstery fabric and finish of busses.

Industry will find jobs for the organic mercurials. They might be useful in treating hatbands, so that one customer wouldn't pass on his dermatitis to the next person. Shoe manufacturers should find them useful in controlling mildew that rots shoe linings.

Wherever the eye looks, it sees jobs for them to do. This expansion won't take place until after the war. A war material, mercury is short at present. The organic mercurials themselves are being used in large quantity by the Army, to treat mosquito netting, duffel bags and other items attacked by mildew.

These chemicals aren't going to rid the postwar world of bacteria entirely. But we are going to come closer to that ideal than we have ever come before.

THE END



Since 1883, these rare California wines have been bottled at the winery. Now, eighteen different I. V. C. Gold Medal wines are pressed and bottled for your pleasure... here in the Cucamonga Valley at the World's largest vineyard. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS & STAMPS

Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .

MY TWO BROTHERS are in the Army. One in New Guinea. One a prisoner in Germany.

The man I'm going to marry is in the Army. Bomber pilot in Burma.

That's *their* contribution to freedom, *their* glory . . .

But what is mine?

To sit and wish for my men to come home? Or to want freedom so much that I, too, will go out and help make it come sooner?

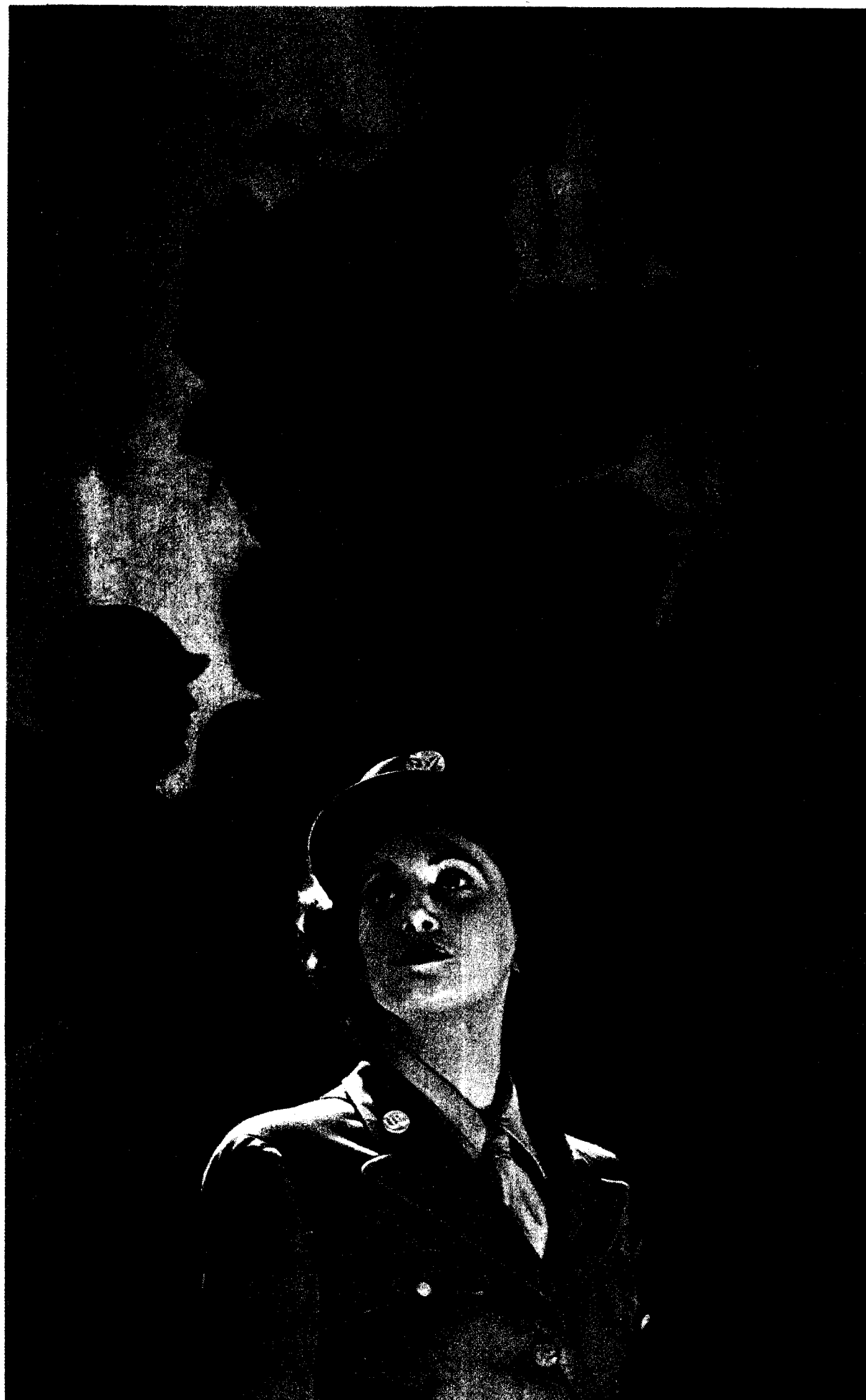
Every hour I live, every day that slides swiftly away into the past, I'm thankful I'm a Wac . . .

Sharing the work of war with our soldiers. Learning to understand their innermost feelings about freedom and service. To be absorbed, as they are, in the Army of the United States.

I've seen, with my own eyes, that doing my own special Army job is the real way to share *their* honor, and *their* glory . . .

Now. And in the heaven of Victory to come.

For full information about the Women's Army Corps, go to your nearest U.S. Army Recruiting Station. Or mail the coupon at the right.



PAINTED BY SCHLAIKJER

Good soldiers...
THE WAC
WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

WOMEN AGED 20 TO 50—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
U.S. Army Recruiting and Induction Section
4415 Munitions Building, Washington 25, D. C. (co. 10-44)

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, the new illustrated booklet about the Wacs . . . telling about the jobs they do, how they live, their training, pay, etc.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ PHONE NO. _____

Our "Pampered" War Prisoners

Continued from page 14

too many wolves and Indians ill-disposed to white people are running around here."

Other Germans even expressed deep appreciation for the protection of American soldiers against man's natural enemies of the forest.

"In the thick woods," wrote one, "live Indians, wolves, bears, stags and porcupines. The redskins still have their old customs, medicine men, almost no civilization. When they drink, which is prohibited, they get crazy and dig for the hatchet, swing the tomahawk and go to war. A short time before we arrived they captured a wolf, according to authentic (American) reports. Our hosts are taking good care of us and have warned us several times."

No Coddling of Prisoners

I believe I have seen more prisoner-of-war camps in this country than any American civilian other than a representative of government or organizations such as the International Red Cross. I have talked with dozens of prison-camp officials and ranking officers in the headquarters of the Army's Provost Marshal General. I have asked hundreds of questions and have received almost as many answers. What I discovered convinced me that we are not coddling our war prisoners.

I saw no tender treatment. I heard an American commander tell a German labor detail it could do an honest day's work or loaf indefinitely on bread and water. At the same camp, Japanese prisoners marched back

to work one morning before the bayonets of American soldiers.

I know that Axis prisoners fare far better than do American soldiers held captive by our enemies. On this point, however, Brigadier General Blackshear Bryan, in charge of prisoners of war and Military Police for the Army, is convinced that:

"Considering German shortages and the fact that the country's transportation and supply systems have been crippled by bombings, the Germans are doing as well by our boys as they can. With Red Cross food packages, our soldiers are living better than German civilians, on the average, and better than many German service troops."

The Swiss government inspects both German and American prison camps, and General Bryan's statement was made on the basis of the Swiss reports.

Two primary considerations—reprisal and the Geneva convention—govern the treatment of war prisoners. The first we dare not ignore, because the health and the very lives of Americans in the hands of our enemies are at stake. The condition of our captured soldiers is not good. But it could be made worse; and will be made worse in reprisal, if the War Department gives our foes an excuse to make it so. Nothing is too trivial for the enemy to overlook. Some time ago, the Nazis at one camp here were restricted in their singing of the Party song, Horst Wessel Lied. In reprisal, all Americans in German custody were forbidden to sing The Star-Spangled Banner.

The Geneva convention is an altruistic

document prepared at the end of a peaceful decade when we were prosperous and hated no one. It is the war prisoners' bill of rights. It provides that prisoners must be clothed, housed and fed as well as the troops of the detaining power. The War Department is bound by the national honor to abide by the document's terms. And it will continue to be bound by it for some time because Washington expects to keep its war-prisoner headache for 18 months to two years after the collapse of Germany.

A midget Jap submarine went aground on the morning of December 8, 1941, off the island of Oahu in Hawaii, and a lieutenant, undersized even for a Japanese and just one year out of the Imperial Naval Academy, walked ashore and became our first and for many weeks our only World War II prisoner. He eventually wound up at Camp McCoy, where 568 other dead men are living.

Yes, they're all dead, officially. The code of the Japanese warrior demands that he return home victorious or return not at all. No allowances are made for men unconscious from battle wounds or in malarial coma. The captured warrior is a dead warrior—officially. In Japan, funerals for McCoy's living dead already have been held. Parents are in disgrace. Wives have remarried. Their children bear new names.

Some of the Jap prisoners were too gravely wounded to avoid capture, but many simply chose life. A naval commander, captured when our Navy sank his carrier, was a man of high station in Japan, born to the Japanese officer caste. He has persistently attempted to rationalize his failure to kill himself, by feigning sickness and insanity. American medical officers repeatedly have found him physically and mentally well.

None of the Japs has made a serious attempt at self-destruction while in custody at McCoy. Fully 99 per cent of them have signed written declarations asserting that they do not desire to have either their government or their families notified of their capture. To fulfill its obligations under the Geneva convention, our government has to notify Spanish authorities who, in turn, notify the Japs whenever we take a Japanese prisoner. The Imperial Government has yet to acknowledge a single such notification. However, let one Jap complain to a Spanish representative about treatment, and our government soon hears that retaliation has been taken against American prisoners in Japan.

The Depiction of Hatred

There are other facets of the Japanese character that are hard for us to understand: "We don't know hate," said Lieutenant Colonel Horace Rogers, the camp commander. "We don't know anything about hate until we have seen it in the faces of these men, particularly the Japanese."

Japanese and German compounds adjoin at McCoy. So do their playing fields. They share the same canteen. In the evening, after dinner, they pack it to gulp their daily ration of two bottles of 3.2 beer and soft drinks. For each race, the other is nonexistent. They never look at each other, even in furtive curiosity. They hate each other.

In the Germans' compound, grass grew long and flower beds were untended. Knowing that it was soon to be turned over to the Japanese, they asked the Americans, "Why beautify this place for the damned Japanese?"

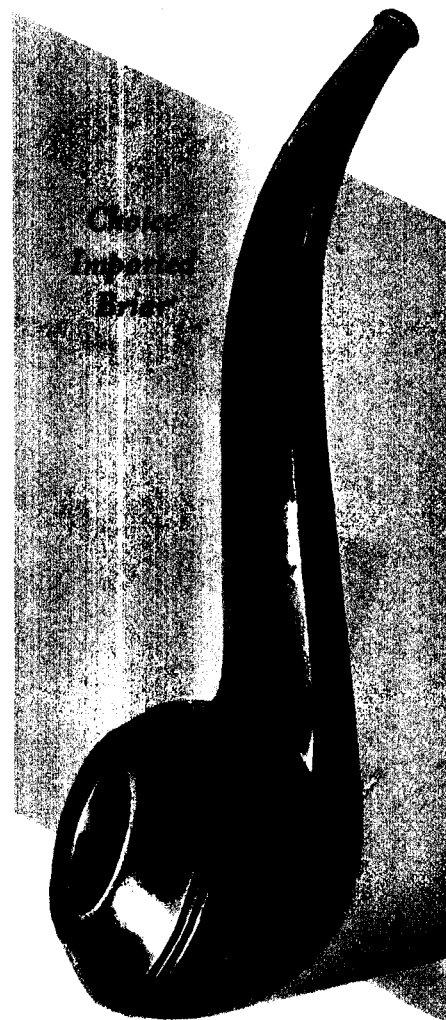
At nothing have the Japanese worked harder than at erecting new wire stockades they knew would soon imprison Germans. Piles of carefully selected stones were found near Japanese working parties, and it is likely that they were intended to provide ammunition for attacks upon U.S. troops training on the McCoy reservation. The Japs hate Americans more than Germans.

You don't see hate in the Japanese faces, at first. You expect to, and don't, but possibly that's because you never really have looked upon hate before and don't recognize it. The Japanese officers make a ceremony of insult. American officers and I found them sitting cross-legged on their beds, heads averted at an angle that made it nearly impossible for them to see books they made a pretense of reading. They ignored Ameri-



Emperor

the pipe that
grows more priceless



Today, after two and one half years of war, there still exists a rare vintage collection of choicest imported briar from which to carve a limited number of Emperor Pipes.

Nature took centuries to perfect these treasured burls. Skilled craftsmen who sculpture each Emperor know this—striving to reveal all the beauty with which Nature endowed the costly briar.

Forsymmetry, for rugged strength, for beauty of the grain—here is true perfection.

Shop for yours leisurely. Purchase it proudly. It will grow more priceless down through the years.

\$3.50 \$5.00 \$7.50

EMPEROR PIPES

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Eighty York Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Now don't get excited, dear. Our house is fourth from the end. Don't you remember?"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for October 14, 1944

Dearest Sue
Glad to read



Did you cut out a pumpkin
for little Sue on Halloween?



Men of the Coast Guard say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

When he writes from overseas, it isn't the battles and heroics that he writes about. It's the *little things* . . . the things he dreams of sharing with us when he gets back home.

"Did you cut out a pumpkin for little Sue on Hallowe'en?" . . . "Does Danny still beg for bones at the butcher shop?" . . . "How did the garden do this year?"

Yes, it's the little things—the small familiar pleasures—that he thinks of when he dreams of home.

It happens that to a great many of us these little things . . . these important little things

include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is *little things* like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things



can officers, although the convention requires captive officers to salute Americans of equal or superior rank. The Germans and Italians invariably did. The Germans were often friendly, never less than courteous, and the Italians were downright affectionate.

Prisoners of war live in comfort—sometimes in contentment—eat well, work and play hard and, in the process, combat-worn bodies become fully repaired. This process makes no distinction between Nazis and anti-Nazis. There have been crimes of violence committed by Nazis against anti-Nazis, and, in one notable instance, negligence of American officers actually provided an environment in which the brutality and persecution of Hitler's fanatics were allowed to flourish on American soil. Our officers don't like the anti-Nazis. I have heard them called Hitler's scum. And if you don't count the professional admiration of one good soldier for another, they don't like the Nazis, either, or that greater body of Germans who lie between the two ideological extremes.

Of the 362 prison camps scattered over the country, the Army now rates Concordia, Kansas, as one of its best. Ten months ago, without a doubt, it was the worst. It was from here, early this year, that you first heard stories of kangaroo courts and compulsory suicides. This was a plague spot of violence and death, and Nazis ruled it. Taught from childhood to slay or be slain for a political cause which they had come to regard with a religious fervor, they ruled 3,000 German officers and enlisted men, and, in a way, they ruled their custodians.

They took over at Concordia because some of the American officers had a far greater interest in social gaieties than in prisoners. Every night used to be fun night at Concordia, and often the fun began at 11:30 in the morning at the bar in the officers' club. Saturday night, of course, was the big night. That's when the boys and girls whooped it up in true boom-town style until, one Saturday night, someone shot the colonel's wife.

With the camp administration thus preoccupied, the dominant Nazis could attend to dissenters in the better traditions of the Party. Washington sent investigators to Concordia. They learned about the prisoners' committees which administered "lessons in comradeship" to men found guilty of being imperfect Germans because they were not ardent Nazis.

Among the most spectacular lessons was the "holy ghost" exercise, a form of barracks cruelty, not unknown in our own Army. A blanket was tossed over a man's head and he was thoroughly beaten by "comrades" whom he, of course, could not see.

Murder by Suggestion

In six months, five men died violently at Concordia. At least one of them, a captain, was liquidated by the "comrades" just as surely as though they had killed him with their own hands. The American authorities are not yet sure they know all there is to know about the captain's "suicide."

Spokesmen for the Nazis said that he simply preferred to die rather than to be dishonored. They contended that he gave offense by condemning the things for which they fought. They said he maintained that the German Reich existed as an excuse for the sacrifice of soldier lives. They said he was publicly reprimanded and advised to keep to his own quarters while instructions were issued that he should be done no bodily harm. They made it clear to him, they said, that when he returned to Germany, he would have to accept responsibility for his crime of thinking *verboten* thoughts.

American officers believe the captain was told there would be reprisals against his family in Germany. They believe he was told to hang himself. They believe the Germans handed him the rope. He was found hanging in his quarters.

An Austrian corporal slashed his wrists with a razor blade and bled to death in the prison guardhouse where he was being held in protective custody at his own request. The Germans charged him with desertion to the enemy and reported that he was overwhelmed by his own conscience. One American officer with whom I discussed the case

described the corporal as a "renegade" and a "squealer," and observed that he probably would have come to some violent end, had he been an American in a prison camp in Germany. He did not carry military information to our side. Some prisoners have.

Another captain and a lieutenant also committed suicide. There is ample evidence in the case of the captain to indicate that he took his own life to escape an existence made unbearable by imprisonment and his melancholy memory of service in two world wars. The lieutenant, a psychopathic case, was found dead in the station hospital.

Court-Martial of Prisoners

Certain of the "comrades" were court-martialed, but official reports in these and similar cases were made part of the trial records, and I was told that they would not be disclosed until they had been reviewed by higher military authorities and by the President. The Geneva convention stipulates that prisoners are subject to the military criminal code of the detaining power.

There was another death at Concordia. That occurred when the Army, fearing escapes, was still forbidding prisoners to come closer than ten feet to the inside of the stockades. During one of the inevitable German soccer matches, a prisoner repeatedly chased the ball past the "deadline." He was

LINES TO AN OVERSEAS HUSBAND

Come, live with me and fall asleep
Whenever you desire to.
I will not bellyache or weep
If tables you set fire to
With cigarettes, just so you're
there,
Relaxing in your easy chair.

Come inundate the bathroom
floor
With every morning shower,
And if at night you chance to
snore,
I will not sulk or glower.
I'll lie awake with pleasure, dear,
Just relishing your presence here.

Come, strew your clothes around
the house
While dressing and undressing.
I'll pick them up and never grouse,
Nor find such chores depressing.
For I am lamentably bored
With female tidiness, my lord.

Margaret Fishback

warned several times that he should not do this. The guard suspected that Germans watching the game could have prevented the ball from rolling past the deadline, had they so desired. He called a superior officer for instructions. He was told to shoot if a further warning went unheeded. The German crossed the line again. The guard shot him through the head. The deadline rule has since been abolished.

Last January, Lieutenant Colonel Lester Vocke, a regular Army cavalry officer, was placed in command at Concordia, and his predecessor was retired. Colonel Vocke reformed Concordia. He gave me his formula for handling war prisoners: "You don't barter with them. You tell them. And they respect you for it. I am not a missionary. I am a soldier."

The Army takes the stand that it has no more right to treat prisoners on the basis of their allegiance to the National Socialist Party or to Fascism than it has to show favor to civilians because they happen to be Republicans or Democrats. American officers and enlisted men at the camps have been ordered not to discuss politics with prisoners.

Colonel Francis Howard receives hundreds of letters every week. About half echo the thoughts of one man who advised: "Put them

in Death Valley, chuck in a side of beef, and let them starve." The rest are from persons of the opposite view, who believe that many prisoners are ideologically on our side in this war—I feel that this much is true—and that they may become our Allies in the postwar attempt to de-Nazify Europe. Colonel Howard says his job is simply to feed, keep healthy and confine prisoners for the duration of the war and, beyond that, to get from them as much productive labor as possible. That, substantially, is all he is permitted to do by the convention.

The convention is silent on the question of segregation of prisoners according to political beliefs. The Army has classified prisoners on their ability to work together. It has weeded out of working parties those who sought to instigate work stoppages or slowdowns. As an inevitable by-product of this policy, prisoners of substantially the same political stripe are now generally found in the same camps.

Camp commanders have four words with which they usually are able to convince war prisoners that the United States government means to get as much work from them as the Geneva convention will allow. The words are: "No work, no eat." They do not apply to commissioned officers, whom the convention exempts from all but voluntary labor, or to noncommissioned officers who, unless they also volunteer for direct work, may be given only indirect employment in supervisory capacities. At McCoy, Colonel Rogers said the four words to a deliberately slow-working German detail, and I saw the sneer subside in the face of the young Nazi from Milwaukee. (Some of Hitler's best soldiers were American citizens.)

The Bread-and-Water Treatment

Later another officer said, "When they won't work, we allow them eighteen ounces of bread a day and all the water they can drink."

Prisoners, by terms of the convention, are subject to the disciplinary code of their captors. In the American Army, a soldier may not be kept in confinement on bread and water for longer than fourteen days at a stretch. Knowing this, the Germans at one camp went on strike, took the bread and water diet for fourteen days, anticipating, of course, more substantial fare on the fifteenth. But they were served more bread and water on the fifteenth. That surprised them. They clamored for their rights under the convention. Only then was it explained to them that the rule could not apply to them, since obviously they had to be confined for the whole war. They went right back to work, ending what, understandably, became the longest World War II prisoner-of-war strike in this country.

Strikes and slowdowns are frequent. Germans once struck in a fertilizer plant; they didn't like the smell, but they liked bread and water even less. With the peanut crop on the verge of spoiling in the fields and only prisoner labor available to save it, a German officer ordered a work stoppage after reading in a newspaper that peanut oil could be used in making explosives. The Americans transferred the officer to another camp, explained that the Army interpreted the convention's prohibition against direct war work to mean such labor as munitions loading, and applied the four-word formula for work. The peanuts were harvested.

I have seen German mechanics—and you can't get that kind of labor in most parts of this country at any price—rebuilding jeeps and other vehicles which, although they will not be sent overseas, are nevertheless part of the Army's equipment. Prison labor is baking bread and preparing meals and washing shirts for G.I. Joe. A German who operated the biggest dry-cleaning plant in Berlin is the foreman of the G.I. laundry at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. In one state, prisoners furnished from 20 to 80 per cent of the labor for pea canneries with a total seasonal capacity of six and a half million cases. Their meals are prepared from the food they handle, to discourage them from putting ground glass or something of the sort in it.

Seed companies used Germans and Italians for detasseling corn in making hybrid seed



Right on Top!

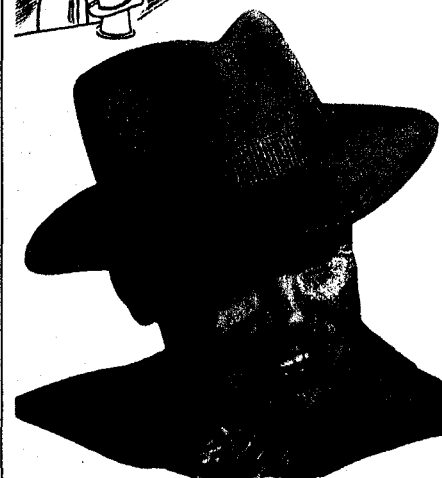
PORTIS HATS

with correctly pre-shaped
FINGER-CREASED CROWNS

look better longer



FINGER-CREASED AT FACTORY
OVER MASTER BLOCKS



You're "right on top" in a finger-creased-crown Portis Hat because it's been hand-shaped over master blocks at factory. You can adjust it slightly but the basic, correct styling stays in... brings you compliments! In silky-soft long-wearing fur felt treated to repel moisture and perspiration stains.

Most Styles \$6.50 and \$8.50

Also \$5.50 to \$12.50

(See your Hatter or write)

What's going on in there?



THERE's something special inside each and every Arrow Tie.

That something special is a resilient lining which does two things perfectly: (1) helps chase wrinkles, and (2) co-operates with you in making a swell knot *every time*.

That's not all. The patterns, stripes, and colors of the new Arrow Ties are something which'll bring a warm glow to your eyes. See Arrow Ties at your favorite dealer's. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

\$1 \$1.50 and \$2



And what's going on in there?

• If inside your pocket there's *any money*—no matter how little—that you don't actually need to live on, run like anything to the nearest Bond window and put it into extra War Bonds. It's smart and patriotic.

ARROW TIES

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

for next year's crop. A number of Italian officers who volunteered for this work lived in a fraternity house at the University of Missouri.

At Clinton the whole Mississippi River Valley is being reproduced in scale by German labor for flood-control studies, while at Denison Dam, Germans are clearing a large area into which flooding waters of the Red River will drain one day. Memphis jewelers bring customers' watches out to a camp for repair by German watchmakers. A German fixed my typewriter.

The War Department is careful to see that prisoner labor does not compete with free labor of any sort. It holds that every prisoner at full employment means, in the long run, one less American father to be drafted. Seventy per cent of the prisoners are employed by the Army at tasks which American soldiers would otherwise have to perform. Thirty per cent of them work for private contractors, and the government receives prevailing wages for their labor.

Because of the multitude of factors involved, it is not yet possible to get an accurate profit-or-loss estimate on the whole operation. But when allowances are made for the outlay in barracks and other capital investments, there certainly will be a deficit. How much deficit no one knows now. On work done by the Army, the difference between prisoner pay and G.I. pay is nearly two million dollars a month, while the War Department soon will have turned into the Treasury about 42 millions received from private contractors.

A Lesson in Patriotism

In some camps, American civilians and prisoners work side by side and, not infrequently, civilians are outclassed both in total output and workmanship. It was customary for civilian workers in one camp shop to stop work promptly at ten in the morning and go outside for a smoke. One day, German prisoners were sent to work there. At 10 o'clock they kept on working. An American stepped over to the German foreman to tell him his men were entitled to rest. The German, a six-foot sergeant, stood at attention and said, "The German, he does not rest in time of war."

Nor do the prisoners try to escape as much as you would suppose. Less than three tenths of one per cent of all those in the United States, including members of the Italian Service Units, have even attempted it. As of the second week in August, War Department records listed 578 escape reports for both prisoners and service troops; 17 were still at large, and none had been free for longer than four months. In most cases, prisoners are at liberty for about two days before they return with an acquired appreciation of the futility of escaping to the Fatherland from a country as large as the United States. No escaped prisoner has committed an act of sabotage.

A German acquired, by some means not

known to the authorities, an American Army uniform and civilian work clothes. He used the uniform to help him get out of camp and the work clothes, plus his perfect English, to take him from Knoxville to eastern Missouri where he got work as a farm hand. He had been free for four months when a farm worker, suspicious because the man never discussed politics or his draft status, called the F.B.I. He was working in a field when federal agents asked him for his draft card.

"I don't have one," he said. "I am an escaped prisoner of war. My name is Captain — of Crossville, Tennessee."

The Army would like to forget how another German eluded his guards twice—on his way out of a hospital ward and on his way back in. But the Army is proud of the record of the Italians at the St. Louis Ordnance Depot. They are Fascists—among the 50,000 who refused to volunteer for the service units. Railroad tracks run within 25 yards of two sides of their compound. When I was there this summer, none of them had attempted to escape although a padlock for the stockade gate was still on order.

Forty war prisoners have been convicted of felonies and are serving sentences in United States penal institutions. Sixteen prisoners died by suicide—one man stuck his head under a railroad-car wheel—and fourteen of them were mental cases. Two were questionable suicides of the Concordia variety, and one death, formerly believed to have been self-inflicted, recently was classed as murder. Five other murders have been committed, most of them in "holy ghost" beatings.

As of September 9th, the total prison-camp population was about 250,000. The violent-crime rate for the whole of the United States was 6.2 per 100,000 in 1940. Among prisoners, the crime rate was 2.7, and the suicide rate less than 8. In United States prisons, the suicide rate is 12.3 per 100,000. To equal the suicide rate in Germany, 74 more prisoners would have had to die that way in camps here.

In Germany and the United States, officer prisoners are allowed advances on their pay, ranging from \$20 to \$40 a month and reimbursable by both countries at the end of the war. They do not get their money in cash. They get it in coupons which they spend at canteens for such items as shaving soap, beer (when available) and cigarettes. The enlisted men get, by agreement with Germany, ten cents a day and, of course, eighty cents more, if they work.

The Germans used to be skeptical of things they read in American papers. For weeks the German prisoners at Camp Ellis, Illinois, wouldn't believe that Cherbourg had fallen. They said it was American propaganda, but they lost their simplest formula for escaping the truth on one sultry evening when 500 Germans arrived. Among them were members of the garrison that had surrendered at Cherbourg.

THE END

Polish Death Camp

Continued from page 19

at having finished my stumbling, sweating journey. The guide was standing at my side, saying something, giving me advice. I hardly heard him. He raised his voice:

"Look here. You are going to stay here. I'll walk on a little farther. You know what you are supposed to do. Remember to keep away from Estonians. Don't forget, if there's any trouble, you don't know me and I don't know you."

I nodded vaguely at him. He shook his head and walked off.

I remained there perhaps half an hour, watching this spectacle of human misery. At each moment I felt the impulse to run and flee. I had to force myself to remain indifferent, to practice stratagems to convince myself that I was not one of the condemned. Finally, I noticed a change in the motion of the guards. They walked less and they all seemed to be glancing in the same direction—at the passage to the track which was quite close to me.

I turned toward it myself. Two German policemen came to the gate with a tall, bulky SS man. He barked out an order and they began to open the gate. It was very heavy. He shouted at them impatiently. They worked at it frantically and finally shoved it open. They dashed down the passage as though they were afraid the SS man might come after them, and took up their positions where the passage ended. The whole system had been worked out with crude effectiveness. The outlet of the passage was blocked off by two cars of the freight train, so that any attempt on the part of one of the Jews to break out of the mob would have been completely impossible.

The SS man turned to the crowd, planted himself with his feet wide apart and his hands on his hips and loosed a roar that must have actually hurt his ribs. It could be heard far above the hellish babble that came from the crowd:

"Ruhe, ruhe! Quiet, quiet! All Jews will

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board this train to be taken to a place where work awaits them. Keep order. Do not push. Anyone who attempts to resist or create a panic will be shot."

He stopped speaking and looked challengingly at the helpless mob that hardly seemed to know what was happening. Suddenly, accompanying the movement with a loud, hearty laugh, he yanked out his gun and fired three random shots into the crowd. A single, stricken groan answered him. He replaced the gun in his holster, smiled and set himself for another roar:

"Alle Juden, 'raus—'raus!"

For a moment the crowd was silent. Those nearest the SS man recoiled from the shots and tried to dodge, panic-stricken, toward the rear. But this was resisted by the mob as a volley of shots from the rear sent the whole mass surging forward madly, screaming in pain and fear. The shots continued without letup from the rear and now from the sides, too, narrowing the mob down and driving it in a savage scramble onto the passageway. In utter panic they rushed down the passageway, trampling it so furiously that it threatened to fall apart.

Then new shots were heard. The two policemen at the entrance to the train were now firing into the oncoming throng corralled in the passageway, in order to slow them down and prevent them from demolishing the flimsy structure. The SS man added his roar to the bedlam.

"Ordnung, ordnung!" He bellowed like a madman.

"Order, order!" The two policemen echoed him hoarsely, firing straight into the faces of the Jews running to the trains. Impelled and controlled by this ring of fire, they filled the two cars quickly.

And now came the most horrible episode of all. The military rule stipulates that a freight car may carry eight horses or forty soldiers. Without any baggage at all, a maximum of a hundred passengers pressing against one another could be crowded into a car. The Germans had simply issued orders that 120 to 130 Jews had to enter each car. Those orders were now being carried out. Alternately swinging and firing their rifles, the policemen were forcing still more people into the two cars which were already overfull. The shots continued to ring out in the rear, and the driven mob surged forward, exerting an irresistible pressure against those nearest the train. These unfortunates, crazed by what they had been through, scourged by the policemen and shoved forward by the milling mob, then began to climb on the heads and shoulders of those in the trains.

A Climax of Frightfulness

These latter were helpless since they had the weight of the entire advancing throng against them. They howled with anguish at those who, clutching at their hair and clothes for support, trampling on necks, faces and shoulders, breaking bones and shouting with insensate fury, attempted to clamber over them. More than another score of men, women and children crushed into the cars in this fashion. Then the policemen slammed the doors across the arms and legs that still protruded, and pushed the iron bars in place.

The two cars were now crammed to bursting with tightly packed human flesh. All this while the entire camp reverberated with a tremendous volume of sound in which groans and screams mingled with shots, curses and bellowed commands.

Nor was this all. I know that many people will not believe me, but I saw it, and it is not exaggerated. I have no other proofs, no photographs. All I can say is that I saw it, and it is the truth.

The floors of the car had been covered with a thick, white powder. It was quicklime. Quicklime is simply unslaked lime or calcium oxide that has been dehydrated. Anyone who has seen cement being mixed knows what occurs when water is poured on lime. The mixture bubbles and steams as the powder combines with the water, generating a searing heat.

The lime served a double purpose in the Nazi economy of brutality: The moist flesh coming in contact with the lime is quickly dehydrated and burned. The occupants of

the cars would be literally burned to death before long, the flesh eaten from their bones. Thus the Jews would "die in agony," fulfilling the promise Himmler had issued "in accord with the will of the Fuehrer," in Warsaw in 1942. Secondly, the lime would prevent the decomposing bodies from spreading disease. It was efficient and inexpensive—a perfectly chosen agent for its purpose.

It took three hours to fill up the entire train. It was twilight when the forty-six cars were packed. From one end to the other the train, with its quivering cargo of flesh, seemed to throb, vibrate, rock and jump as if bewitched. There would be a strangely uniform momentary lull and then the train would begin to moan and sob, wail and howl. Inside the camp a few score dead bodies and a few in the final throes of death remained. German policemen walked around at leisure with smoking guns, pumping bullets into anything that moaned or moved. Soon none were left alive. In the now quiet camp the only sounds were the inhuman screams that echoed from the moving train. Then these, too, ceased. All that was now left was the stench of excrement and rotting straw and a queer, sickening, acidulous odor which, I thought, may have come from the quantities of blood that had stained the ground.

The Last Incredible Journey

As I listened to the dwindling outcries from the train I thought of the destination toward which it was speeding. My informants had minutely described the entire journey. The train would travel about eight miles and finally come to a halt in an empty, barren field. Then nothing at all would happen. The train would stand stock-still, patiently waiting while death penetrated into every corner of its interior. This would take from two to four days.

When quicklime, asphyxiation and injuries had silenced every outcry, a group of men would appear. They would be young strong Jews, assigned to the task of cleaning out these cars until their own turn to ride in them should arrive. Under a strong guard they would unseal the cars and expel the heaps of decomposing bodies. The mounds of flesh that they piled up would then be burned and the remnants buried in a single huge hole. The cleaning, burning and burial would consume one or two full days.

The entire process of disposal would take, then, from three to six days. During this period the camp would have recruited new victims. The train would return and the whole cycle would be repeated.

I was still standing near the gate, gazing after the no longer visible train, when I felt a rough hand on my shoulder. The Estonian was back again.

"Wake up, wake up!" he was scolding hoarsely. "Don't stand there with your mouth open. Come on, hurry, or we'll both be caught. Follow me and be quick about it."

I followed him at a distance, feeling completely benumbed. When we reached the gate he reported to a German officer and pointed at me. I heard the officer say, "Sehr gut, gehen sie," and then we passed through the gate.

The Estonian and I walked a while together and then separated. I walked to the store as quickly as I could, running when there was no one about to see me. I reached the grocery store so breathless that the owner became alarmed. I reassured him while I threw off my uniform, boots, stockings and underwear. I ran into the kitchen and locked the door. In a little while my bewildered and worried host called out to me:

"Hey, what are you doing in there?"

"Don't worry. I'll be right out."

When I came out, he promptly entered the kitchen and called back in despair:

"What the devil have you been doing? The whole kitchen is flooded!"

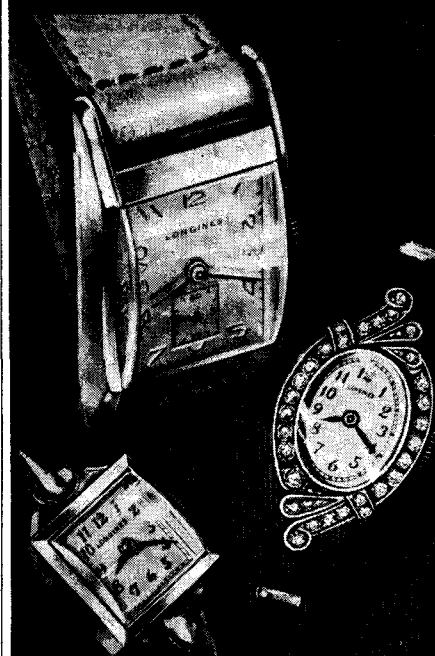
"I washed myself," I replied, "that is all. I was very dirty."

Then I collapsed. I was completely, violently, rackingly sick. Even today, when I remember those scenes, I become nauseated.

THE END

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As a Princess Should

Continued from page 22

Katherine Howard gripped Anne's wrist. "Leave the Boleyn brat alone; nothing hurts her sort! Do you know that your Lilgrave woman, the embroideress, told Lambert the goldsmith's wife that you bore a son here a month back? What have you to say to that, you troublemaker?"

Anne paused a moment, leaving her hand passively in Katherine's grip. Then she answered quietly.

"I say that I shall have Lilgrave whipped for lying, your Grace, unless you plan worse for her. I think I know how the tale may have begun. I was indisposed a month back. And a poor servant of mine, one indeed I was fostered with, who had braved the journey from Cleves to see me, heard of this sickness and came afoot from the docks, too near her time. Her baby was born here. I have added it to the number of my almschildren because of my love for this Sybilla, whose mother suckled me. Sybilla!"

The gold-decked, handsome peasant figure moved out of the shadows. She laid the fat, sleeping baby in the clumsy cradle by the hearth, and curtsied to the shaking little queen.

Anne spoke to her in Flemish, and she replied. Anne translated. "She gives her humble duty to your Grace. She says this is her true son and the son of her own man in the Low Countries. She has three more at home with him. She says"—Anne clenched a hidden hand and hesitated a moment—"that she would gladly give up his alms place and take him home with her. She hopes only for some small favor from Lady Anne, to whom she came a little time ago to beg it." Anne's deep voice faltered a little.

"How do I know she says all that? I was not taught your growling language!" Katherine snapped.

A small, clear voice interrupted. "But I do know that language, your Grace," spoke Elizabeth. "You know that his Grace has let me learn it along with my little brother, the prince. That was what the woman said."

"How can I tell what is true?" wailed Katherine. "All lie to me—all want gifts—all bully and threaten and torment me, save only Culpeper! They want to pull me down from being queen. And I will stay queen. Who would not?"

"I would not, your Grace," Anne said. "You would!" Katherine glared up at her. "It's the rumor through all the court. Queen Anne's party, the New Learning party; it's strong. With Henry's son, you could take king and kingdom again. They'd find loopholes enough. Or even if you sent the baby to Cleves with this woman, what mightn't your brother the duke see fit to instigate, in his temper at Henry's having discarded you!"

Anne shook her head. "I do not want your kingdom." The slow, foreign-accented words fell sure and heavy. "It is no kingdom of your kind I would ever desire."

KATHERINE darted to one of the tall iron sconces and tried to tug out its torch, but she was too little and frail.

"My servant will reach it for your Grace," said Anne quietly.

Sybilla's strong arms lifted out the torch; carried it at Katherine's gesture to the rough cradle at the hearth corner. The baby waked as the red light struck his lids. His face screwed up and he opened his mouth in a furious bellow, struggling to free his swaddled arms. The two tall women waited.

Katherine straightened, shaking and white. "He's the king's image! He is yours, Anne!"

Anne took a step and stood over her. "Listen, you Katherine," she said, her formal courtesy gone. "I do not desire to be leader or puppet of any party, murdering and torturing in the name of Master God or Master Devil! As for this baby, even if he were my own, I would hold it a better lot for him to grow up nameless, getting maybe a farm place in this pleasant countryside, marrying for love, dancing on May Night round your ribboned pole with other peasants; keeping his children, instead of selling them to strange countries for statecraft."

"He is not mine. But if he were, would I want him reared in my brother's palace, groomed to be the cause of wars between Papist and Lutheran? Or would I not be a fool to want him reared in this devil's court, that has an ax shadow across the throat of each man and girl scheming in it?"

She stopped for breath, and went on more slowly. "This baby," she said again, "is one of my almschildren; one of the half dozen I lodge and feed here, to dower later as best I can. As all ladies of my rank owe it to the good God to do, and have always done with no scandal spoken."

The baby was quieting down. Small Elizabeth had dropped to her knees and was rocking the cradle and crooning. Katherine stared, silent for the moment.

"It isn't much to leave a poor forsaken vrouw," Anne went on, "a dull Flanders mare, your Grace the Queen; a hall for housewifery and a few alms brats for pleasuring. It is no harm to you that my Sybilla goes back to the Low Countries tomorrow to her own kind man and other fine children, and leaves this to me! I have taken a fancy to him, your Grace. For a silly reason, maybe. He is christened Francis—after a cousin who was my playmate and little knight when we were children. . . . Be gentle, your Grace . . . you, too, may have had the like friend—"

THE simple words woke something far from Anne's intent. Katherine's eyes gleamed with angry terror. "How dare you?" she spat. "What devils have talked to you? Do you try to insult me?"

Anne stared, puzzled. Small Elizabeth sat up on her haunches by the cradle. Her eyes narrowed unchildishly.

Katherine wheeled and raced down the hall to the great doors. She called into the courtyard, "Tom! Tom Culpeper! Come in! Tell this woman that whatever foul thing she has heard, it is a lie."

Young Culpeper was swiftly at his little queen's side, his face black. "Who has dared?" he began.

Katherine clung to his arm with two small, desperate hands. "Tell her! Tell Flemish Anne so!"

Culpeper's gentle, handsome young face changed to a perplexed tenderness. "Indeed, little Kate—your Grace—the world knows how kind, how sweet-hearted you are to all . . ."

Katherine shivered suddenly and turned her face, not to look at him or the others. "Never mind. Let pass," she said. "This matters more. This matters everything! Take the brat, Tom! Have it drowned or smothered!"

Anne caught the baby up into her arms. Tom Culpeper stood with a gently restraining hand on Katherine's thin, small shoulder. "Forgive her, Lady Anne," he said. "She's been in a queer upset state of fear lately. The strain of her great duties—it's hard on anyone so young and reared so simply—"

Katherine's hysterical tug at his arm interrupted him. "Look at the baby! It's Henry's brat, it's Henry's. You're at my orders, Tom, you know you are. You've vowed it, too, you've said you'd do anything I asked. Take the brat—if it's theirs, my kingdom's lost! And I will stay queen—I will! All I bear now of slander and dread is better than being sent back to my grandam's castle, to be buffeted round among serving maids again!"

Culpeper said courteously to Anne, "It is as she says, Madam. I am at her orders, even were I not—not her sworn knight and her cousin. While there's likelihood of the child being thought yours and the king's, for the safety of Kate's crown it can't stay with you. Folk are stirred enough already about your divorce, though you swore forever you wished no reinstatement." He tried to draw the baby gently from Anne's resisting arms.

They had all forgotten the child Elizabeth, staring from her corner under her

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rumpled cap. As Culpeper turned to summon the guard, her clear, small, high voice startled them all: "Cousin Culpeper!"

Tom turned and made his reverence. "Lady Elizabeth," he said, "this is no place for you."

"I've heard and seen worse," Elizabeth said composedly. "I was reared in this court."

"Go, child," Anne said.

Elizabeth paid no heed. Instead, she beckoned the motionless Sybilla imperiously from her shadows.

"Close—closer, dame!" she ordered. Reaching up to Anne's arms, she jerked loose the struggling baby's wrappings. She pulled one of the tiny hands free. She laid it close to Sybilla's. "Look, Kate! Look, Tom!" she cried shrilly. "I've watched the Flemish woman wash and wrap her baby. Look! It has her fingers, exact. I saw it first a week ago."

Katherine fell back against Culpeper's shoulder, gasping and staring. Holding her reverently, he leaned forward to stare also at the two hands with their identical malformations. The splayed, flattened tips of the two middle fingers twinned. He straightened and nodded gravely.

"I can bear witness to this. So, I suppose, can all the household who have been near the woman and child, Lady Anne. You're safe, your Grace—Kate. It's an almschild like the rest. Come away now, you're overdone."

ANNE and Sybilla stood still, shoulder to shoulder. Katherine said, looking up into the two quiet, dark faces, "I—I ask your pardon if I was too hasty, Lady Anne. But a queen must fend for herself and her kingdom at any cost—you know that."

Anne stood like a rock. She only drew a long deep breath, and her arms tightened unconsciously around the child. Then, as he screamed lustily and struck out with the released fist, she gave him over to Sybilla and curtsied low.

"Yes, your Grace. A woman must fend for herself and her kingdom at any cost."

There was a silence. Katherine turned abruptly to go. Culpeper blew his whistle. The men-at-arms marched in to their torches and took them, waiting in two inward-facing lines. The tall, worshiping lad and his childish lady, her hand held high in his, trod ceremoniously out between, as became a great queen and her gentleman. Beautiful and flashing and very young, in their gay velvets and jeweled gold, they went through the aisle of flickering torches.

To Anne's dazzled eyes there came for a moment a strange thing: It was a long, sharp, curiously shaped shadow, thrown from the torches behind to the torches before; it lay quickly black along Katherine Howard's baby throat, on Tom Culpeper's gold neck chain and strong, raised wrist. . . .

The shadow shook and changed. Young and brilliant and alive, they moved past, quiet together as the young are quiet who forget all, to dream in each other's company. Presently the measured hoofbeats clattered from the courtyard, then they dimmed and were gone.

SYBILLA of Saxony laid the baby down in his cradle. She turned to her sister. "So," she said softly in her own language, "you have no care for the chance of happiness in a new marriage, nor revenge on the beast who set you aside, nor triumph of statecraft such as the Protestant League could achieve with Henry's son for pawn?"

Anne's eyes fell to the cradle. She only said, "I stay."

Sybilla was silent for a long moment. "I had best make ready, then," she said. "My merchants' carrack lifts sail at dawn tide. Come to my dormitory when all are asleep and say farewell." She passed behind the tapestry masking the far door.

The small Elizabeth stood stiff and quiet. Then, breaking suddenly, she threw herself forward against Anne's breast and clung. Her sobs shook her all over.

"You're safe—you're safe—" she sobbed. "They'll not murder you! They'll not take your baby from you!"

Anne sat down in the tall carved chair and drew Elizabeth up onto her knees. The baby Francis' temper cry grew fainter as he learned that nobody intended taking him up again. The room was dark now the torches were gone. Only the fire lighted glints of gold and metal about the woman and little girl.

"Who told you of the Cleves finger, Lysbet? For I do not have it, myself," Anne said softly.

"Nobody told me. It was only—it was—I saw and heard. I have the French quick wit—the wit of the Boleyn wanton," the child gasped with unchildish bitterness against the breast embroidery. "It's what all say—you know, about me—about the Boleyn bastard."

Her sobs burst out again. Anne's hand, kind and strong, smoothed the heaving little velvet shoulder. "There, there, daughterling. It was more than quick wit. It was the



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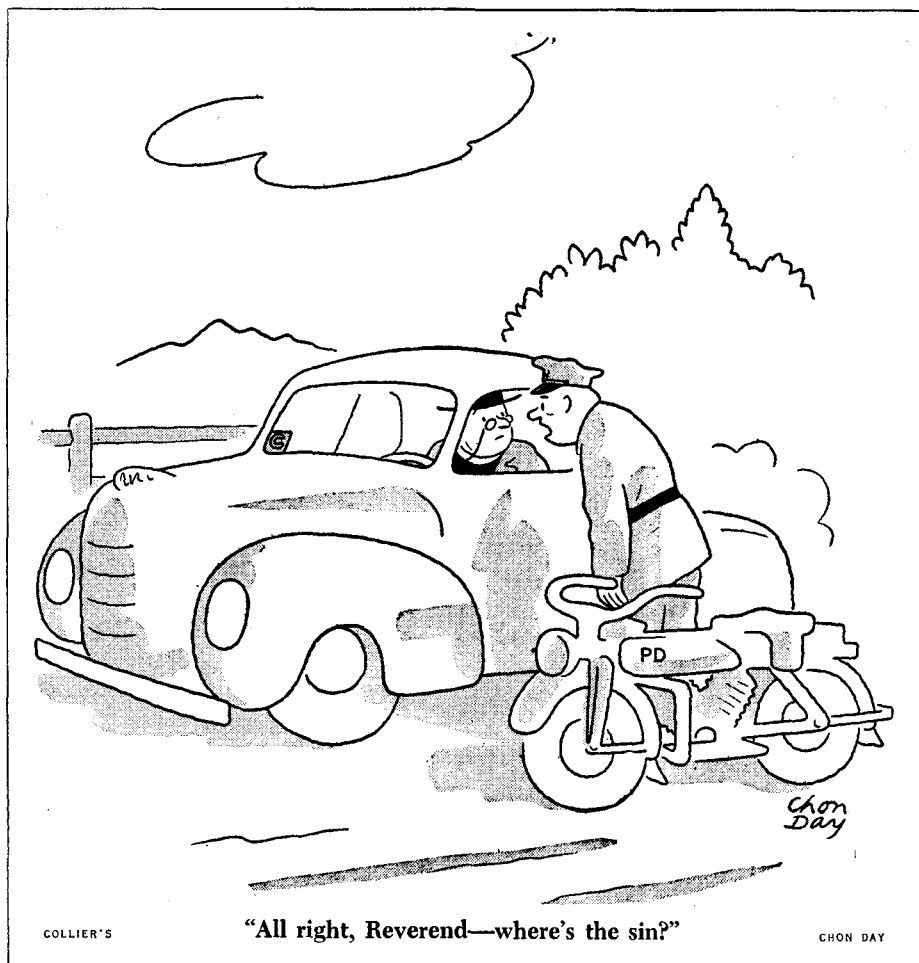
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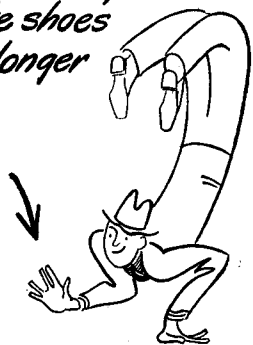
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two powder charges by mistake, but even that doesn't account for it."

"Maybe you fired both barrels, too," I suggested.

"But I didn't! I didn't cock the left one. Turn on the overhead light. I want to look at the powder I've been using."

I switched it on, and Arab centered the living-room table under the light. She unstoppered the powder horns, turned them upside down. The grains whispered onto the table. Arab probed delicately among them and suddenly I noticed that her hands had started to tremble.

"What did you find?" I snapped.

"Nothing, Andy."

"Then why are you shaking?"

She said, "I've been looking for short cylindrical grains, with single perforations. That would mean I had put some modern nitrocellulose into the horns by mistake. But I can't find any. I started shaking because I began to realize that something is missing. Powder."

"Cut out the riddles."

Kit said, "It isn't a riddle. She took out two full powder horns. I know because I watched her fill them. She only used six loads—four ordinary shots, the explosion, and the load still left in one barrel. Six loads shouldn't use half the powder in each horn, even if she double-loaded the last time."

I took the pencil from Arab's shaking fingers, and pushed it down the right barrel of the Spare Naught pistol. The pencil went in seven inches. I pulled it out and tried the left barrel. The pencil went in one inch, stopped. I prodded. The pencil point kept stubbing against something.

Arab said, "You're hitting a bullet."

"What does it mean?"

"It means," she said faintly, "that I'm not going to laugh at you again."

"Is this thing loaded right to the muzzle?"

"Yes, Andy. And I didn't do it. I might put in a double load by mistake, but nobody could stay absent-minded if the rammer was only going in an inch."

I shuddered. Everything added up: Arab being in the house for fifteen minutes, and the pistol and powder horns left on the crate, and the evergreens shouldering so close to the crate that a man might reach it unseen.

Arab's face looked as if it had been starched. "He reloaded it and the barrels were supposed to blow up when I fired them," she said. "Like a hand grenade. And then you and Kit were to run out to help me . . . and that's it."

I GOT up and checked the window shades. They were okay; nobody could spy on us. There was a breathless ache in my stomach. And, for some reason, I wasn't scared any more. I returned to the table and picked up the Spare Naught pistol. It sat up in my hand as if alive, the twin barrels beginning a slow cobra weave from side to side.

Arab said, "Maybe I'd better draw that load."

"Let's not," I said. "It might come in handy as evidence." I studied the pistol from various angles. The right barrel wasn't damaged, although logically it should have peeled open like a banana. "Why didn't it split open?" I asked.

Arab said, "I don't know much about the dynamics of an explosion. Even the experts don't have all the answers. This looks like a freak case. Something about the way it was loaded, or a tricky arrangement of the powder grains, sent most of the force of the explosion out the muzzle. You know, like a bomb wrecking a house but not jarring a glass from the table. One of those one-in-a-million chances."

I picked up the emery wheel. "Just possibly," I said slowly, "it might happen a million times in a million."

Kit gasped, "The new steel! We've found it!"

"But you tested it before," Arab cried. "Stuart tested it. And it was just ordinary steel!"

"The sparks looked different one time," I said.

I began working the plunger of the emery wheel. But the sparks insisted on being streaky and yellow and forked at the tip. They kept telling me it was ancient low-

carbon steel. And they were lying. It couldn't be low carbon and take the punch of that much powder. My thumb started to get sore, and my eyes stung.

Something clinked on the table beside me, and Kit said, "Try that." It was the three-edged file she had once used.

"That's no good," I snapped.

"One of those old test marks of yours touches the place I filed," she said. "Maybe that's where you got the different spark."

I stared at her, then grabbed the file. I rasped a deep scar on the barrel, set the spring of the emery wheel and forced my trembling hand to steady the wheel over the scar. Arab and Kit closed in on both sides. Fingers dug into my shoulders. I pressed the release lever. And then we all yelled.

Orange sparks sprayed from the metal. Orange, not yellow. They were small and bright, and they didn't fork at the end. They whirled out and at the tip sharpened into spearheads. I spun the wheel again, and each time the beautiful orange spearheads lanced outward. I went back to the unfired steel and got the old yellow forked sparks. I studied the notes of my phone talk with the ordnance major. And there it was: detached arrowhead—indicates high alloy; orange color—characteristic of molybdenum.

I TESTED the left barrel of the pistol and I got the yellow sparks no matter how deeply I filed. Allison must have taken an old coach pistol, removed one barrel and substituted a perfect imitation, made from his new steel. I wasn't sure how he had managed to cover it up. There was a process called remetalizing, though. It was a method for building up worn machine tools by spraying metal onto the worn surface. Then you machined the new surface down to the right size. Allison could have sprayed his new barrel with low-carbon steel as an extra protection for his secret.

Only one thing was left to find. Allison must have sent information with his new steel. You might be able to analyze the metal and discover the alloy and the exact properties of the metal, but you couldn't discover from analysis what kind of heat treatment he had used, or the temperature and duration of the treatment. Those facts had to be written. And there was just one logical place to hide them. I got a pocket knife and opened a blade and began prying at the silver plate on the stock—the plate that carried the Spare Naught legend. The blade slipped under. I levered it, and the plate came out.

With the plate came a bit of wood the size of a half-square of butter. I probed the opening with the knife. A folded onionskin paper fell out, a paper jammed with tiny inked numbers and the long cool phrases of equations. Arab reached for it.

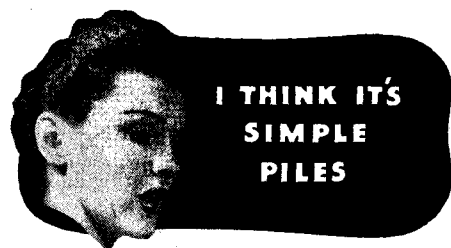
"Don't touch it," I said. "The figures don't mean anything to us. But if your hands are damp, the ink might run."

I replaced the silver plate and its cube of wood in the butt of the pistol and looked for a hiding place. It had to be hidden just right. If anything happened to us the place had to be good enough to fool Stuart and yet not so tricky that it would never be found by anyone.

"You didn't put back the paper," Kit said.

"I'm not going to," I explained. "We're keeping that left barrel loaded because it's evidence. That barrel is just ordinary old steel. If it's fired with that load in it, the barrel will go to pieces, and maybe the butt would be wrecked and the paper torn to bits."

I looked up at the light over the table. The bulbs were masked by a shallow white glass bowl hanging underneath. I climbed on a chair and peered inside the bowl. It was empty except for a few dead moths. People cleaned bowls like that once in a while. I got the pistol and placed it inside the bowl, then poked my knife blade into an open fold of the paper and lifted it and dropped it among the moths. Nobody in her right mind would mistake the paper for a moth, and nobody with normal curiosity would throw it away after finding a pistol there too. I climbed down and switched off the overhead light. The room became dim and murky with only a floor lamp going.



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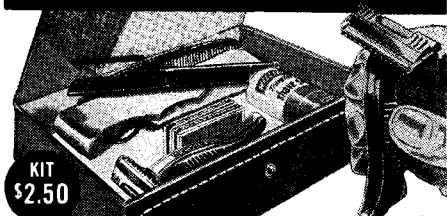
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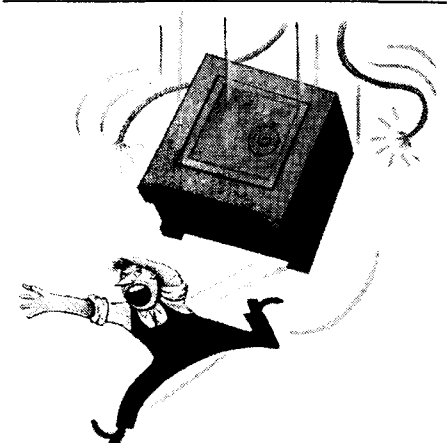
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BY ROBERT CARSON PERILOUS HOLIDAY

"I don't get it," Kit said.

"Outside," I explained, "is a guy who knows plenty about firearms and something about steel. He must know that the barrel didn't fly to bits. I don't claim to be the only person in the world who can add two and two."

Arab said, "He thought we had the right pistol anyway. Now he knows which one it is. How does that make any difference?"

"He might get reckless, especially since he can't hope to surprise us now. Try the sheriff's number, Kit."

She lifted the phone and dialed, and frowned. "Something's wrong with the line," she said.

"It could be," I suggested, "the edge of a knife. Let's leave the floor lamp on and go upstairs."

Arab said, "If a fire starts, I'd like to be on the ground floor."

"He won't start a fire," Kit said. "Maybe the pistol would be lost in the mess, and the fire would bring people and he couldn't hunt for it. Besides we can watch better from upstairs."

Arab looked at the piles of powder on the table. "I was going to put that back in the horns," she said, "but I don't feel like taking the time. I have more, anyway." She picked up one of her antique pistols, grabbed an extra powder horn and some bullets and went upstairs.

I TOOK the poker from the fireplace, then I sauntered after them three steps at a time. Arab posted herself at a back window, Kit took one side and I went to the front. The house became quiet suddenly, as if sound had been choked off by a hand. The upstairs rooms were dark, but outside the fish-belly twilight lingered. I could see the lawn and flagstone walk and gate and a few score feet of road. The sheriff would come along that road in an hour or so to find out why our phone had gone dead, and it would be up to me to yell a warning . . . if I could still yell.

Our chances didn't look too good. Stuart wouldn't count on having all night, because he would know we might have made a call before he cut the wire. He would act fast. And this time he knew exactly how many people were in the house. I thought of Arab and wondered what she would do if she saw him sneaking toward the back of the house. When you came right down to it she had never fired a shot at anything alive. . . .

I froze. Somebody was walking down the road. Not really walking, though. He was sidling along from one shadow to the next, as if playing a new version of musical chairs. There wasn't enough light for me to see his face, but he looked oddly familiar. He reached our front walk, opened the gate. And suddenly I recognized him.

I yanked back the window curtain and yelled, "Jake! Jake!" He stopped. "Run," I

screamed. "Get cops! Stuart is outside!"

He kept standing there. He wanted to move but all his body would do was flap a little, like a marionette on strings. His face was a white blur. I didn't have to see it plainly to know that it was pinched with terror. "Don't stand there!" I howled. "RUN!"

A shot slammed. It came from somewhere to the right, on the unguarded side of our house. Wood splintered. The gate wrenched itself out of Jake's hand. And at last he came unstuck. He screamed, and ran straight for our porch. Another shot crackled and lead splattered on a flagstone. Feet rattled on the porch.

I ran to the stairway. Arab came flying from the back room, and I gasped, "I'll let him in. Get back to your window. Kit, take over the front."

A third shot shrieked off our clapboarding as I raced downstairs. I yanked the door open. Jake tumbled in on hands and knees. I jammed the door shut and looked down at him. He was crouched at my feet like a dog, trembling violently.

"Hurt?" I asked.

He got slowly to his feet, still trembling. "Gosh," he whispered. "Gosh, he woulda killed a guy. How was I to know he was here? Don't let him bump me!"

"We'll have help here in an hour or so. You just take it easy and come upstairs and park on a bed."

His hand moved jerkily, bringing out an aspirin bottle and fumbling a pill into his mouth. His throat wrestled with the pill, forced it down. "I'm okay," he said. "I can help. You still got that blackjack you took off me that night?"

"You want to help us?" I asked. "Good stuff. I'll get the jack."

I went to the writing desk in the living room and got the blackjack from a drawer. Jake took it eagerly. His thin fingers caressed the leather-plaited handle. He snapped it a few times at the palm of his hand. It made a wet sucking noise.

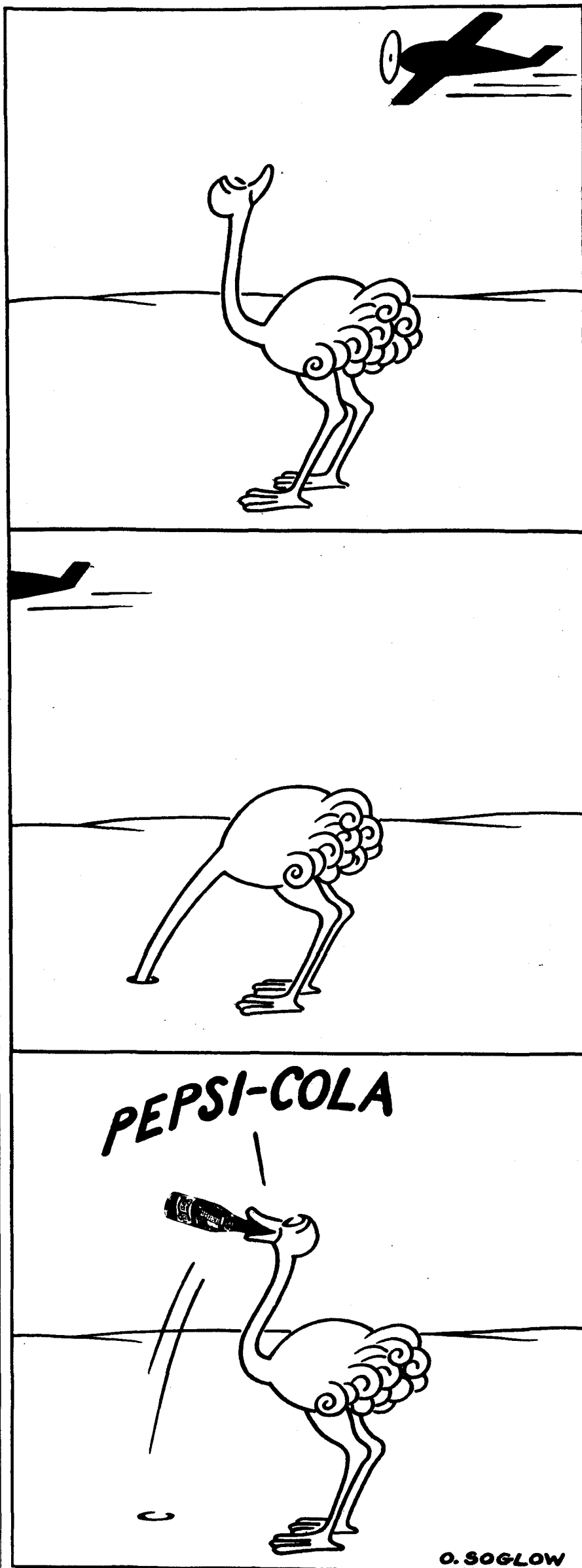
Arab called down to me, "Andy? Is everything all right?"

"Fine," I said. "Jake wasn't hurt. We'll be up in a minute."

"I feel better," Jake said. "I can operate with this."

I turned toward the doorway. There was only the slightest whisper in the air. Just one whisper of sound, then a flicker of light and a ping on the back of my head. I tried to grope for a support but my arms and legs were going to sleep and I went down.

LONG afterward I found myself floating in soft black space. Everything seemed strange. I tried to open the shutters in front of my eyes and to find a key that would unlock my arms and legs. It was like stumbling through a vacant house that had once been





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ward. I took a deep breath and flicked my cigarette at the powder on the table.

There was a quick hiss like a cat spitting. Flame sheeted up from table to ceiling, with Stuart's right hand blackening in it. The flame hung there like sheet lightning for a second, then vanished. The Colt bounced on the floor. Through a veil of blue smoke I saw Stuart staggering backward. He was screaming like a girl.

I dodged around the table and dove at him. My timing was bad. He pawed away from me and ran for the door. I scrambled up, raced after him. He sprinted along the walk and whirled left onto the road. I gained on him. Only thirty feet. Twenty-five. Twenty. A pair of headlights came down the road at us. Stuart halted, swung around. The slim barrels of the *Spare Naught* pistol gleamed in his left hand. They centered on me. I yelled a warning, hit the dirt.

It went off like a grenade. Bits of steel howled through the air like tiny fire sirens. Ten feet away something crumpled with soft wet sounds. I got up shakily and blinked into the glare of the headlights. The glow touched Stuart, picking out a red gleam here and there. His fingers still clutched the butt of the pistol but it wasn't a double-barreled job any more. Where the left barrel had been was a small ragged hole.

The car stopped beside me and a couple of people jumped out and the sheriff's voice said, "You all right, son?"

"Of course I am," I said irritably, and fainted.

SOME little time later I found myself on the couch in our living room. I lay there peacefully and let Arab and Kit fuss over me and let the sheriff and his pals take care of everything else. The sheriff had sent one of his men to the crossroads to phone a hospital, and presently an ambulance came. It came too late to help Stuart; it was too late the moment he fired the left barrel of the *Spare Naught* pistol. But Jake was alive. He had caught the slug in his left shoulder.

He didn't look good, but he had enough strength to whisper, "Do I get cut in on the dough, like you offered?" When I nodded, he started to make a fast recovery.

We went over the story several times for the sheriff, and made him happy by suggesting that his arrival had stopped Stuart from escaping. After all, nobody could prove that

Stuart hadn't recognized the headlights of the sheriff's car . . . and it would make the sheriff look good in print.

We arranged for him to take the responsibility for delivering the *Spare Naught* pistol and the wad of onion-skin paper to the War Department. I was glad to get rid of the pistol; I would never forget how the thing had crouched in my hand, alive and evil, nosing around for a target.

I walked out to the car with the sheriff and saw him off and went back into the house. I felt relaxed and happy. All my troubles were over. Then Arab and Kit came out of the kitchen.

Arab said, "You need some rest, darling." Her blue eyes were as wide as pansies.

Kit said, "It's about time somebody took care of you." Her green eyes were innocent as four-leafed clovers.

Their chins looked very firm and set, as if they would fit nicely on the front of a pair of bulldozers.

"Thanks," I said, a bit nervously. "I do feel tired. What have you got there?"

"I decided you needed a hot-water bottle," Arab said softly.

"I decided you needed an ice pack," Kit murmured.

My knees trembled and I cried, "No! You aren't going to start all that again! Not after what I've been through! I don't want either!"

"Yes, you do," Arab said grimly, holding out the hot-water bottle. "Which will it be?"

"We want you to choose," Kit said, holding out the ice pack.

I stared wildly at them. This was no ordinary choice. It was all a part of their feud. It was idiotic. And it was unjust to make a man determine his fate by choosing between a hot-water bottle and an ice pack. It was ridiculous. It was insane. It was maddening. They were brats. I opened my mouth and heard myself yelling and then the room went red and hazy.

I don't know what happened. All I know is that the next morning when my head cleared they were both very subdued. They jumped to answer my slightest request. Twice I saw them with their arms around each other's waists. For some reason they weren't sitting down much, and I noticed that all the hairbrushes in the house had disappeared.

Maybe there's a clue in the hairbrushes, but I've been afraid to run it down.

THE END

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Jan Karski



William Pachner

IF JAN KARSKI'S article, *Polish Death Camp*, p. 18, makes you gasp "I can't believe it," the author's life history may strain your credulity, too. Karski was brought up in a well-to-do middle-class Polish family, attended the University of Lwow, and studied in Geneva and in London with the idea of pursuing a diplomatic career.

As a reserve officer in the horse artillery, he was called into action against the invading Germans in September, 1939. His regiment was destroyed, and he fled eastward. He was stopped by the Soviet armies and taken as a prisoner to Russia. He won his release by posing as one of the Poles of German origin, who at that time were being exchanged and sent to work in Germany. During the transfer of prisoners, he jumped out of a moving German prison train into a forest and walked for twelve days back to Warsaw. He found that many members of his family had been killed. He joined the underground and became a courier.

From 1940 to 1943 he covered dangerous routes between Poland and Paris, Berlin and London, serving as a liaison officer between the underground state in Poland, and the Polish government-in-exile. The Gestapo caught him as he traveled through the Slovakian mountains, and tortured him. He tried to commit suicide—and woke up in a Gestapo hospital, from which, eventually, he escaped with the help of nurses and doctors who were, of course, underground workers.

When Karski left Poland finally, he carried with him 1,200 pages of underground documents recorded on microfilm. He was authorized by the Polish prime minister, Mikolajczyk, to "tell everything."

"Give all the information as calmly and objectively as you did in your official reports to us," Mikolajczyk instructed him. "Tell everything you experienced—what you saw, what you heard. Convey the facts and let the people draw their own conclusions."

This article is a horrifying part of the "everything," which Karski recounts in full in his book, *Courier from Poland*, to be published by Houghton Mifflin in late October.

What outsiders do not understand, Karski says, is that the Poles' underground state is a real state. It not only carries on under the noses of the Gestapo, it evolved from a dictatorship into a democratic state ready for the liberation—and always the essential, dangerous liaison work went on—between the scattered cells of the underground, between the army and the

state between the government in Poland and the world outside.

THE powerful painting which illustrates Karski's Polish Death Camp was done by an artist who also hates the Nazis—William Pachner. Pachner left his native Czechoslovakia just eleven days before the Germans marched in—and has had no news from his family since then.

"I was not fleeing from the Germans when I left," says Pachner. "I didn't have that much sense. I had long planned to go to America because it sounded like an attractive place for an artist to live in."

Pachner was resolved on an art career from childhood on, but his parents sent him to Vienna to attend a school of business. He enrolled secretly in an art school—and dared to admit it only after he won a contest in fashion design. He did pretty-girl drawings for a while for a Prague publisher.

In this country, he drew more pretty girls, and met the very model of the species—Lorraine Koolman, the Iowa girl who is now his wife. But the pressure of world events turned him from frivolous to serious subjects. "Only no one would let me do serious things—until Bill Chessman kindly gave me the chance." Chessman is Collier's art editor. "It is hard for me now to draw girls," says Pachner. "The terrible war is what I must draw."

Pachner, now a citizen, made three attempts to join the Army, but was turned down because of faulty vision.

THE life of William Page Pitt (*Battle Bells*, p. 40) is a regular copybook success story. "Since the age of five," he tells us, "I have been unable to see well enough to read or write. A mastoid operation robbed me of most of my vision. Notwithstanding, I have been a newspaperman all my life, writing for New York and Middle Western papers.

"For the past eighteen years I have been head of the Department of Journalism at Marshall College, West Virginia, in spite of which 86 of my students are now working on newspapers. I play bridge by squinting at my hand and listening to my partner call all plays—and I won the West Virginia championship in pair play and in team of four. Poor vision makes chess a diversion. In 1929 I played Frank Marshall, for 27 years the American champion, to a draw. I swim, fish and—call Ripley—hunt rabbits, by shooting at the sound of their thudding paws. I bowl by feel and play three-cushion billiards by guess and by angles." . . . A. P.

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Free France

EVER since the citizens of Paris revolted against the Germans, and Allied troops poured in to finish the liberation job begun by the citizenry, France has been receiving a great deal of advice and admonition from assorted commentators in this country and Great Britain.

De Gaulle must be curbed, or he must be given a free hand . . . France must get religion, quit practicing so much birth control, drop most of its nineteen political parties . . . France must tie up with Russia, or warm up to England and the United States . . . France must do this or that, and at once, or its advisers will not answer for what befalls. So runs the chorus of advice to France and the French people.

Most of this advice is well meant. Innumerable Americans and Englishmen have sentimental attachments to France, as when somebody said long ago that Paris is every civilized man's second home.

But we don't notice the French people taking this advice in the spirit in which it is offered. Up to this writing, at least, they have pained and surprised many of their volunteer counselors by insisting on being themselves. Their multitude of political parties popped back into existence in the wake of the retreating Germans; the French town and country people alike, though they were delighted to see the Allies sweep in, didn't bow down and worship them; the French nation insists that it is going to become a first-class power again, and is not humbly attaching itself to anybody else's apron strings.

We rather admire this attitude, generally speaking. After all, France has come through a cruel four years, and with the greatest gallantry. The French are a proud and frequently contrary people, as well as a fearless and highly resilient people. Their friends in the other Allied countries, we should think, would be wise to cut down the kibitzing and let their governments extend real help to France, in the form of food, medicines and soap, credit arrangements to enable France to combat the German-bred inflation, and other measures aimed at helping France get its economy back into shape.

However, it is a fact that the Western Allies did most of the work of liberating France, invaluable as the contribution of de Gaulle's men and women inside and outside France was. Without preaching at France, the Western Allies would seem entitled to hope that the French people, for their own sake and for the sake of European reconstruction in general, will take to heart for the next few years the words of Abraham Lincoln as our Civil War was nearing its close:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

That would seem to be good advice to any nation at the close of any war.

DON'T HIGH-PRESSURE FIGHTERS

AN ADMIRAL (name unreported) said recently: "There would be less financial distress among wives and families of enlisted men if the Bureau of Supply and Accounts and Personnel used a little more common sense about War Bond drives among these lads. It isn't force, but it's damn' close to it. If the kids don't buy a bond out of their \$50, they are looked down upon with scorn. Now, how in the hell can you expect these kids to send any money to their wives and children, aside from the monthly allotment, if their last dime has to go toward a bond?"

And how, it should be added, can you expect these kids' patriotism to burn along at top heat through the war and into the long years after they get out of the services? Aren't high-pressure bond sales methods bound to make many a fighting man bitter and resentful, and to bring him home with a resolve to get even somehow? And won't that make him prime prey for the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Ku-Kluxers, and all the other merchants of hate and demagoguery who can be expected to set up in business the moment demobilization gets well started?

The high-pressure and intimidation stuff of the first World War Liberty Loan drives has been pretty well eliminated on the home front in World War II, though some of it goes on under cover. To hear that it is being practiced on men of the Armed Forces is profoundly disturbing. Its practitioners ought to be stepped on, but hard, by their superiors. They are doing all of us a disservice which far outweighs the few extra War Bond subscriptions their Little Hitler methods can bring in.

THE ARMY AS A CAREER

EVERYWHERE we go, almost everyone we know is doing a good deal of wondering and worrying about what is to become, after the war, of men who earned \$18-\$25 a week in civil life before the war and got to be captains, majors, lieutenant colonels, etc., in the Army during the war. How smoothly will they slip back into civil life? How many jobs will there be for them, commensurate in pay and responsibility with the Army ranks they held? How many of them will be able to qualify for any better civilian jobs than they had before? How many of them will constitute a knot of discontented and resentful men, natural prey for various agitators?

It looks like a threatening problem, and by no means a small one. But it also looks like a problem which can be solved to the advantage of all concerned, if all concerned tackle it from the common-sense angle.

Here are the main elements of this possible solution, as we see them: After this war, the United States will most likely maintain a larger standing Army than ever before, and the chances seem at least fair—witness General Marshall's statement—that we shall have universal compulsory training. These men, many of them, have found in the Army what they never found in civil life—duties and responsibilities and excitements which fit their particular temperaments. Army life, in short, is their dish, more satisfying than any dish civil life is likely to offer them. It goes on being true that many human beings are born warriors.

Well, then, wouldn't any man in this category be wise to look now into the possibility of simply staying on in the Army after the war—of making the Army his life career? He'll probably have to take some reduction in rank and pay during peacetime; but there are all sorts of compensations in an Army career to a man who is by nature a warrior. The regular pay check and the perquisites are not the least of these compensations.

Any born warrior who makes the Army his career will be not only fulfilling his own personality's needs and aptitudes. He will also be performing a patriotic service, since the more men with combat experience we have in our postwar Army, the better. And the chances are that the old American attitude of peacetime scorn for the professional soldier has taken its knockout blow in this war; that henceforth we'll value and honor our armed services as they deserve.

We think the Army as a career is worth the serious consideration of any man who has made eminently good in the Armed Forces during the war and whose postwar civil-life prospects are not overly bright.



Tomorrow Fortune
will beckon you
to Bolivia—and

Drama IN THE Land in the Sky



2 "Seeing a tin mine above-ground, I wasn't much impressed. But below-ground, I realized Bolivia's making a tremendous war contribution. Not only tin, but antimony and tungsten, too.



3 "Even llamas, they say, gasp over the travel handicaps here. But today aviation is smoothing the way to her lavish resources—and bringing Bolivia within 25 hours' flying time of the States.

1 "Stepping out of a plane at 13,000 feet without a parachute—higher than most planes in the U.S.A. even fly... that was my arrival in Bolivia, arsenal of tin for the Allies' war machine," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "After that, even going through customs was a tame experience.



4 "At La Paz (12,000 feet up!) I saw the dream of the old Spanish treasure-hunters coming true. Here's the world's highest big city... reawakened... and modernizing like fury.



5 "Yes, tomorrow Bolivian treasure-hunting will be de luxe. In fact, I found Canadian Club already an esteemed old favorite."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon

—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



GIVE HER A TYPEWRITER...

A PACK OF CAMELS...AND LET THOSE PRESSES ROLL!

PEGGE PARKER, ace war reporter, is an expert on G. I.'s, camps, and Camels

By PEGGE PARKER

I AM writing this on a G. I. soap box after a day in a Tiger Division tank under simulated battle conditions that seemed awfully real to me.

I've also been up with the paratroopers, finding out what 1500-foot jumps are like... I've spent a week aboard a Liberty Ship, covering the Merchant Marine... I've flown on stunt maneuvers in a glider... run an obstacle course with tracer bullets practically grazing my head. It's all been plenty rugged and, take my word for it, that Camel tastes good when you get a minute out for a smoke. And the G. I.'s I've seen certainly seem to agree. Camel's their favorite*—and mine!



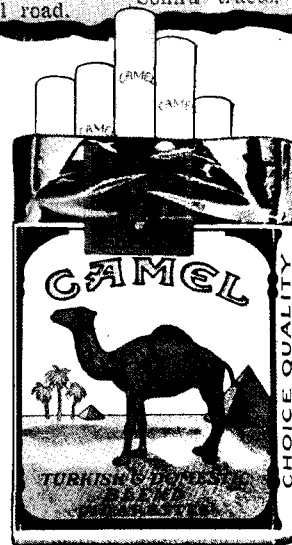
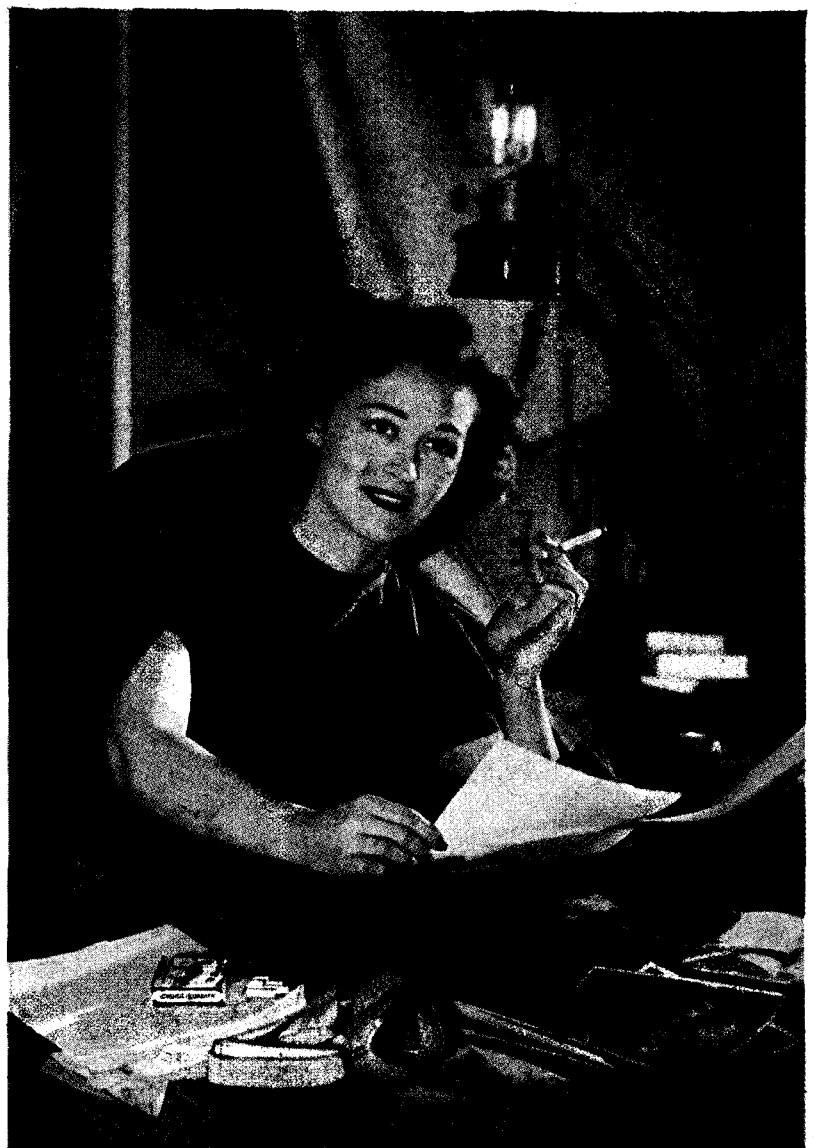
Little did I dream back in my girlish, organdy, pre-war days that I'd be riding as gunner in a tank.

Those paratroopers are wonderful!... they jump with only 1500 feet between them and the ground, nonchalantly as you'd light a Camel.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

You give up the comforts of home on a job like mine... but one of them always goes along with me. Those Camels!



● Camel would like very much to have a date with your T-Zone—that's T for Throat and T for Taste. It would like to demonstrate the mildness and coolness of its magnificent blend of costlier tobaccos—to *your own* throat. And the rich, full flavor to *your own* taste. Because *your* throat and *your* taste are surely the best judges of which cigarette is best for *you*.

Camels

*With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)